

# St. Andrew's MAGAZINE

FALL 2010  
WINTER 2011  
SPRING 2011  
SUMMER 2011

- South Africa
- Rowing into the Future
- Fall Wrap-Up



## Mission Statement of St. Andrew's School

In 1929, the School's Founder, A. Felix duPont, wrote:

*The purpose of St. Andrew's School is to provide secondary education of a definitely Christian character at a minimum cost consistent with modern equipment and highest standards.*

We continue to cultivate in our students a deep and lasting desire for learning; a willingness to ask questions and pursue skeptical, independent inquiry; and an appreciation of the liberal arts as a source of wisdom, perspective and hope. We encourage our students to model their own work on that of practicing scholars, artists and scientists and to develop those expressive and analytical skills necessary for meaningful lives as engaged citizens. We seek to inspire in them a commitment to justice and peace.

Our students and faculty live in a residential community founded on ethical principles and Christian beliefs. Our students collaborate with dynamic adults and pursue their passions in a co-curriculum that includes athletics, community service and the arts. We encourage our students to find the balance between living in and contributing to the community and developing themselves as leaders and individuals.

As an Episcopal School, St. Andrew's is grounded in and upheld by our Episcopal identity, welcoming persons regardless of their religious background. We are called to help students explore their spirituality and faith as we nurture their understanding and appreciation of all world religions. We urge students to be actively involved in community service with the understanding that all members of the community share responsibility for improving the world in which we live.

St. Andrew's is committed to the sustainability and preservation of its land, water and other natural resources. We honor this commitment by what we teach and by how we live in community and harmony with the natural world.

On our campus, students, faculty and staff from a variety of backgrounds work together to create a vibrant and diverse community. St. Andrew's historic and exceptional financial aid program makes this possible, enabling the School to admit students regardless of their financial needs.



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*Claudia Heath '11*

On the Cover: St. Andreans on Table Mountain, Cape Town, South Africa

## ■ EDITOR'S NOTE

I've learned one clear fact during my first few months back on campus: St. Andrew's is still the same special place I graduated from almost 15 years ago. Many people, including our new Student Communications Team (see below) have spent time this fall working to capture the special moments that make St. Andrew's so unique. The following pages are the fruits of that labor.

The Fall Magazine is filled with inspiring stories of St. Andreans volunteering in their communities, starting new businesses, performing remarkable athletic feats, immersing themselves in new worlds and pushing themselves intellectually and creatively. It has been a joy to witness firsthand and we've made the effort to allow you to share in this collective energy in several ways beyond the Magazine.

You can now find updates from campus on Facebook, student-filmed videos on YouTube, and even tweets (though infrequent) on Twitter.

Our website is averaging at least two News Articles a week and our podcast page features Chapel Talks, performances and lectures (you can also find those podcasts for easy bulk download on our iTunes channel). We've been busy, but we still have a lot of work to do. That's where you come in.

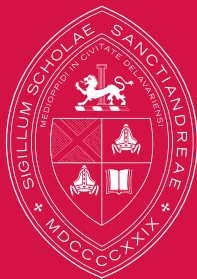
Please let us know how we're doing. How can we be more effective? What can we be doing better? In short, are we doing a good job? We're constantly asking ourselves those questions, but the most valuable answers would undoubtedly come from you. You can contact us directly at [communications@standrews-de.org](mailto:communications@standrews-de.org) or any of the ways described on the bottom right of page 3. Please do reach out as we continue to look for ways to improve.

All the Best,

Will Robinson '97



*Members of the Student Communications Team. (Back Row, l. to r.) Henry Thornton '14, Megan Hasse '14, Martin French '13, Marcus Bailey '11, Lisa Jacques '12, Dorcas Antwi '12, Alannah Chen '11, Libby Lakeman '12, Grace Benjamin '12, Cesca Fleischer '12, Ann Satine '12, Julio Ramirez '12, Jiani Chen '13 and Haley George '12. (Front Row, l. to r.) Mary Wilson '12, Charlie Martin '11, Nick Grunden '11, Charlotte Taylor '11, Nancy Lilly '11, Michael Ding '12, Jonathan Witchard '13 and Sydnei Easley '12.*



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**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**

**NOT SO SLOW A BOAT**

I enjoyed your Spring/Summer 2010 issue as always. However, just a small correction. You quote a winning time for the Noxontown Navy at the Diamond States of 3:47.1. That is correct—fastest in our 60-65-year-old level as well as the 55-60-year-old category. However, the course is 1,100 meters, not 1,000 meters as you note. The time would be really slow for 1K, not so bad for 1.1K. The boat also won the silver medal at the U.S. Masters National Championships in August and will be representing the School in the upcoming Head of the Charles Regatta in Boston on October 23. —John Reeve '66

(See page 30 for a full report on the Noxontown Navy. — Ed.)

**NALLE IN MEMORIAM**

Your memorial to Peter B. Nalle '41 misses the role of the Nalle Family in those early days at the School. Peter's two brothers, Jesse and Beauveau, also graduated from SAS and the father, Albert, if memory serves me, was a trustee for a number of years. Albert, the father, was a charming gent of the old school and that killer drink of his own invention, the whitemarsh valley redhead, laid low any number of unsuspecting imbibers. I was at school with Beauveau. Our football coach, Pop Haggerty, had a tough time with Beau's name. He pronounced it "Beevay." The father and the three sons were all special. —Jim Perry '46

**FROM OUR facebook PAGE:**

*In response to posting Will Speers' Chapel Talk on October 20:*

That was amazing! For 14 minutes and 34 seconds I swear I was sitting in a pew on the right hand side of the chapel at St. Andrew's School in Middletown, Del., listening to my dear friend and advisor Wilbur. What a wonderful gift!

—Kathryn Hart '85



(Editor's Note: You can listen to and download Chapel Talks and performances via the website, [www.standrews-de.org/podcast](http://www.standrews-de.org/podcast).)

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**WE WELCOME LETTERS**

Please email us at [communications@standrews-de.org](mailto:communications@standrews-de.org). You can also reach us by fax at (302) 378-7120 or by regular mail at **Communications, 350 Noxontown Road, Middletown, DE 19709**. Letters should refer to material published in the Magazine and may be edited for clarity and length.

## ■ HEADMASTER'S MESSAGE

In 1934, Bishop Cook wrote a comprehensive report on the beginnings of St. Andrew's School. He wrote:

*It has seemed wise to make a definite and permanent record of the steps which have led up to this accomplishment while the material, which must be gathered from various sources, is still available and while the memory of these things is still fresh in the minds of those who shared in the work. This is done in the hope and expectation that such a record may be of value, in the future, as the School progresses and accurate information may be desired about its beginnings.*

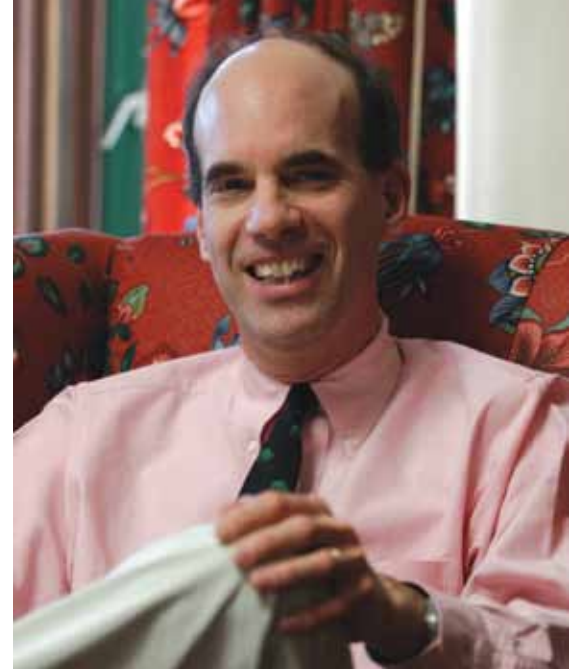
As I prepared for this year's Founders Day, I read Bishop Cook's report carefully, studying the spirit of collaboration and generosity that marked the creation of this School. You all should know and understand the story:

- That the School's founder A. Felix duPont approached Bishop Cook in August of 1927 to begin his discussions of a dream he had of creating a Church boarding school.
- That Mr. duPont sought advice and perspective from Headmasters across the East Coast on the need for a new boarding school in Delaware.
- That Mr. duPont sought help in identifying a suitable location for such a school and sought the advice and perspective of prominent citizens in the State of Delaware.
- That the consulted Headmasters (from St. Mark's, Kent, Episcopal High School, St. James, St. Albans and Christ Church School) agreed that "there was little value in the establishment of another high-priced Church school, the tuition of which would be beyond the reach of boys belonging to families of modest means, but there was unlimited opportunity for one where tuition could be kept at a moderate price."

- That the first six proposed sites for the school were rejected, and our current campus chosen "by chance." *Sometime previous, a fisherman friend of Bishop Cook had driven him to the high ground at the northern end of the lake (a pond as it was colloquially known) to show him the beautiful and impressive view over the water. This reverted to the Bishop's mind . . . and he revisited the spot with Mr. duPont.*

The wheels were set in motion on Wednesday, November 14, 1928. Mr. duPont and the Bishop drove down to Noxontown Lake, secured a boat at the dam at the foot of the lake, rowed up the northerly side, landed and walked along the high ground on the same side for more than half the length of the lake to study the location. The more they saw, the more enthusiastic the explorers became.

- That by December 22, 1928, the Wilmington Morning News reported that "Delaware is to have a new educational institution, which will cost more than \$1,050,000. It is the gift of Mr. A. Felix duPont."
- That in October 1929, Walden Pell was appointed the School's Headmaster. In a letter soon after his appointment, Pell suggested the new School be named after St. Andrew:  
*In his letter, he stated his reasons for preferring this to other names that had been suggested—most of which were connected with schools already well established and well known. He suggested that the fact that the School was on a lake made the name St. Andrew's, a fisherman, appropriate, that it was associated with the Brotherhood by that name in the Church, and it was the title of the hymn, "Jesus Calls Us O'er The*



*Tumult," which would make a very good school hymn.*

- That on November 30th, the cornerstone of St. Andrew's School was laid. The day was chosen for the laying of the cornerstone because of its being St. Andrew's Day. About 75 people gathered for the ceremony, but the weather was so extremely cold that the stone itself was set as quickly as possible in the hope that the mortar would not freeze. The first trough of mortar was placed by Mr. duPont, followed by the Bishop and the other members of the Board of Trustees.
- That on September 19, 1930, the School began its work with 32 boys and five teachers.
- That on October 14, 1930, the School was dedicated:  
*Something like 2000 people had assembled for the ceremonies, which began at 12 o'clock with a service of dedication of the Chapel, from which a line of procession formed in the following order:*  
*Crucifix, choir, students of the School, staff of instructors, Trustees of the Episcopal Church School Foundation, Members of the Executive Council Trustees of the Diocese, Members of the Standing Committee, Clergy of the Diocese, visiting Clergy,*

*visiting Bishops, the Bishop's Chaplain and the Bishop of the Diocese, and went through the corridors, the School rooms, the Common room, the refractory, the kitchen, the dormitories and the infirmary. The final prayers of dedication were said in the open air in front of the School.*

*At 2:15 the procession reformed and marched to a temporary platform erected for that purpose near the garage just off the end of the main building: The President of the Standing Committee introduced the architect Mr. Arthur H. Brockie who gave the keys of the School to the Founder Mr. A. Felix duPont and his sister Mrs. Irene duPont. In turn Mr. duPont put them into the hands of the Headmaster as one who was responsible for the conduct of the School.*

Bishop Cook's account of the beginnings of St. Andrew's School reminds us that St. Andrew's was a gift, a vision created by a man who chose to express his love of God and hope for humanity in the creation of this School. His vision of education was generous, accessible and radical for his day, asserting as he did the place of a School open to all regardless of a family's ability to pay.

Mr. duPont's vision of the School was intimately tied to a tradition of Episcopal education that joined faith and learning together in powerful ways.

Just recently, at a Trustee Retreat, Bishop Wright, speaking from the same leadership position as Bishop Cook, reminded us that the Anglican and Episcopal traditions have always been deeply committed to education, an education that emphasizes not only intellectual exploration and research, but also a commitment to a public and civic good.

It is interesting to note that the entire planning process of the School was

collaborative. As Mr. duPont and Bishop Cook envisioned St. Andrew's, they sought the advice and perspective of leaders in education, leaders within the Episcopal Church, and leaders in the State of Delaware.

Our mission, our calling as a boarding school, our commitment to community service and civic engagement emerge from these early explorations and commitments. From the beginning, St. Andrew's embodied great expectations.

The choice of this campus, this setting for a St. Andrew's education was an integral part of our Founders' work. Mr. duPont and Bishop Cook were inspired by the sheer beauty of our setting, and they immediately envisioned the campus as a remarkable stage for student growth, development and activity.

Our campus provided a natural sanctuary for students, apart from the activity and distraction of a city or even a town. The Founders would rejoice that St. Andreans see the campus now not only as a place that makes this form of education possible, but also as a place that inspires in us a commitment to environmental stewardship and sustainability.

The name St. Andrew's resonates powerfully today as we collectively seek to define the values, spirit and ethical principles that define a good community. What Presiding Bishop Schori described as our "unfolding understanding" of the love of God has enabled St. Andrew's to embrace diversity, women's rights, civil rights, human rights in multiple forms.

We are at our best when we embrace and respect the dignity of every human being, when we develop through practice habits of thinking and behavior that create communities of hospitality and welcome, when we work tirelessly to create schools and communities that engender responsibility and commitment to the public good.

St. Andrew himself followed his teacher, Jesus Christ, giving up all his worldly concerns and possessions to begin a new life of radical love, faith and compassion. His life, our name, remind us that whatever our religious tradition or calling, we create meaning, hope, and reconciliation in the world when we commit to selfless love, peace, generosity and forgiveness.

I was moved by the Bishop's description of the dedication ceremony that involved a procession through the different spaces of the School—that walk, that ritual reminds us that the life and mission of the School knows no boundary—we live most faithfully when the spirit and humanity of the School enlightens our dorm rooms, common spaces, dining room, kitchen, classrooms and Chapel.

Of course, what was missing from the 1930 dedication procession were alumni. Tonight after 80 years, we have a long and enthusiastic procession of alumni who represent the spirit of the School in their lives in the world. Tonight, we thank our alumni for taking on the stewardship and responsibility of their School.

We, the students and faculty of today, march in our predecessors' footsteps, secure in the knowledge that a good and generous man created a vision, shared it collaboratively and created a school, a community, a second home for us all.

With our privilege of membership in this community come deep and important obligations: St. Andrew's calls us o'er the tumult to care for one another, to nurture our culture, to honor our buildings and grounds and to transform this educational experiment to commitments dedicated to a public good.

Daniel T. Roach  
Merrill M. Stenbeck Headmaster's Chair  
Founder's Day Remarks  
December 1, 2010



**1** New Faculty member Harvey Johnson '97 doesn't let a first period fire alarm interrupt his class on the first day of school. (An enthusiastic chemistry experiment was the culprit. No one was injured.)

**2** Julia Smith engages her Spanish students in a verb conjugation flash review challenge.

**3** Mary Wilson '12 and Annie Imbrie-Moore '12 go for an impromptu swim.

**4** Sophia Maguire '11 enjoys a quiet moment in the Memorial Alcove.

**5** Alexandra Porrazzo '13, Omololu Babatunde '11 and Annie McClements '12 embark on a vector hunt during Physics class.

**6** Pipes & Drums performs during Parents Weekend.

**7** Members of the JV Girls Soccer Team after their annual Yay-Day practice. The team finished the season 5-1.

**8** Jen Cottone's Advanced Chemistry class tests a hypothesis.







## Childers Selected as Delaware Division of the Arts Artist Fellow



“A poem’s form,” Faculty member Chris Childers says, “is both an insight into its subject and the architecture that makes that

insight possible. Those who regard it as adornment, embellishment or abstract Platonic grid willfully imposed on amorphous experience, do not understand how it works.”

That’s how Childers guides himself in his creative pursuit, in which he favors the structures of meter and rhyme. Childers, who teaches Latin, Greek and Creative Writing (he also coaches Boys Squash and Tennis), was one of 16 artists selected for the prestigious 2010 Individual Artist Fellowships from the Delaware Division of the Arts. The Fellowships recognize artists in a variety of disciplines for their outstanding quality of work and provide monetary grants to help further each artist’s pursuit. The 2010 class was judged by nationally recognized arts professionals from outside Delaware. His approach to poetry helped set him apart.

“A poem,” Childers offers, “starts with “a word, an image, a connection of two ideas. I write a few lines, in blank verse or prose, I generate some phrases, but I haven’t gotten anywhere until, groping around with intuition, sensibility and intellect, I see it start to take a shape.”

Years ago, he found encouragement in his second, fourth through sixth and ninth grade teachers. His competitive nature drove him to succeed in a field that his father, an English-major-turned-lawyer, had loved but left.

Childers got a hold of his father’s college textbook of romantic poetry. He tried to imitate Keats, working for weeks on an epic tetrameter poem based on the Led Zeppelin song “Kashmir.” “That,” he says, “played a key role in his development of meter and language.”

His imagination has benefited from travel, particularly in the Mediterranean region. Some of the poems he considers as among his best stemmed during the past five years from a class he took with the poet Alicia Stallings on Spetses in Greece’s Saronic Gulf. “There’s a kind of wild, psychedelic energy on Spetses,” Childers says, “which John Fowles captures well in his novel ‘The Magus.’ At times during the class I felt somewhat like his protagonist, Nicholas d’Urfe, which wasn’t great for my balanced state of mind, but didn’t seem to hurt my verse.”

The grant has allowed him to focus on writing. He’d like to put together a collection of his poems. In the meantime, he’s begun dabbling with a blank-verse translation of Virgil’s “Aeneid.”

## Jennifer O’Neill Gives Corcoran Lecture in Washington, D.C.



On Monday, September 13, photography teacher Jennifer O’Neill traveled to Washington, D.C., to share her work and words of wisdom as part of a Visiting Artist Lecture Series at the Corcoran College of Art and Design. O’Neill met with students embarking on their senior thesis and shared her own experiences as a B.F.A. student at Corcoran and the work ethic and artistic and intellectual process

involved when immersing oneself in a senior thesis.

O’Neill’s visit coincided with her exhibit at the Corcoran Gallery of Art entitled Night & Day, 22x20 Gelatin Silver Photogram 2010. She also participated in the Transformer Gallery Auction and Benefit also in Washington, D.C., in November. The TRANSFORMER is a Washington, D.C.-based non-profit organization that connects and promotes emerging artists locally, nationally and internationally.

*You can learn more at [transformergallery.org](http://transformergallery.org).*

## AIDS Walk 2010

**By Lisa Jacques '12**

As Bre Pierce '13 eloquently summed up, the Wilmington AIDS Walk was about “putting actions behind our words and going out to help people in need.” It was why 150 students, faculty and staff fulfilled a commitment to walk in unity on a cold and rainy September morning. The spirit of giving back energized students from the moment they boarded buses outside Founders Hall. Proudly decked out in red, we sang personalized versions of contemporary songs to pass the time on I-95. We arrived at Rockford Park as the walk began and joined hundreds of others through the park’s pastoral fields and down along the Brandywine River. At the halfway point we crossed the river and threw red and white carnations off our walking bridge down into its waters in remembrance of those who had contracted AIDS. The site of hundreds of carnations floating downriver sustained us to the end a few hours later when we crossed the finish line to the sound of ringing bells and words of encouragement.

The annual walk is organized with the help of staff member Bill Cashion who delivered a beautiful Chapel Talk earlier in the morning.

With Bill's leadership the community raised over \$3,000 via sponsors and Cheerwine sales to support services for people living with HIV/AIDS. St. Andrew's is consistently the largest group in attendance every year. For us, the walk reminds us of the importance of disregarding normal routines in the service of others. A few hours of our time multiplied by each person who made the commitment resulted in a unity for our greater community not always easily achieved. Kristina Kassis '11 put it best: "I really think the AIDS Walk is a great way to show our commitment to something larger than ourselves as we strive to global citizenship."

You can learn more about the Wilmington AIDS Walk at [aidswalkdelaware.org](http://aidswalkdelaware.org).

## Class of 2010 Tree Planting

by Taylor Cameron '90

Several members of the class of 2010 returned for the fall Alumni Weekend a few hours early in order to plant a new apple orchard adjacent to the School's organic garden complex. The trees and supplies were part of their senior gift at last year's graduation. A



Current students and faculty pitched in to help members of the Class of 2010 plant more than a dozen new apple trees near the organic garden.

committee of class volunteers, lead by class agents Maddie Garner, Grace Gahagan and Caitlin Forsthoefel, worked to select the project and raise the money necessary to fund it. With assistance from Biology teacher Peter McLean, and Grounds Supervisor Phil Pensinger, the students selected semi-dwarf varieties of Yellow Delicious, Gala and McIntosh, as they are well suited for the region. With proper care from the organic

gardeners, the trees should begin to produce apples in 4-5 years. The class hopes to enjoy the fruits of their labor when they return for the 5-year reunion.

## Warner Gallery Welcomed Artist David Barnett

by James Loftis '14

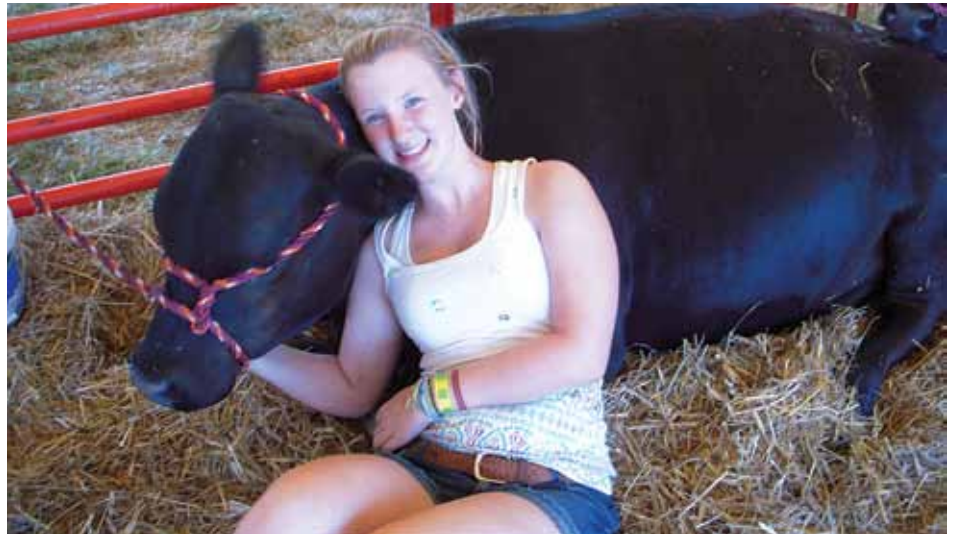
Before David Barnett gave his interview, I had about 10 minutes to look over his artwork. A common theme, which he later mentioned, was flight. While perhaps the artist may or may not have realized this, his artwork could easily be perceived as giving the idea of getting away from the everyday life, experiencing new things, which is exactly what he had done for me. When people are able to look at art, they can experience new things and places that they only could have dreamed about. Art has the amazing ability to take you away from everyday life, and bring you into a new setting, life, or sometimes even a whole new world, always proving to be exciting.

Students, faculty and staff come together before the 2010 Wilmington AIDS Walk.



Barnett mentioned that even though the art he makes is somewhat unrealistic, he loves to introduce a certain sense of realism into it, most commonly parts of the human body. In some of his artwork, Barnett also introduces “low tech” moving parts, as he put it, which adds another layer to his already complex artwork. When discussing his artwork, Barnett did not only discuss his artwork itself, but what went into it. Barnett recognizes his family as a key role in both influencing his artwork, as well as giving him the support that he needs to have confidence in his work. Barnett’s wife constantly supplies him with feedback on whether or not his art looks good from a viewer’s perspective and not just his own. Every artist could benefit greatly if they had an idea of a viewer’s standpoint on their artwork, because if they had this viewer’s standpoint they would be able to know if their piece needs to be changed, how well it will fare, or even if it needs to be thrown out and started from scratch.

Barnett’s style is unique and it seems effective. Being able to make a living off of something you love, especially in the arts, is an accomplishment so few people can say that they have been able to achieve. It is an area that hundreds of thousands want to succeed in, but don’t have the skill, luck and most importantly, the dedication. However, Barnett has proven that if you do have the dedication, skill and perhaps luck, you can succeed, even at something as hard as creating sculptures made of things found on the curb.



### **Haley Wilbanks '13: Raising a Prize-winning Pretty Girl**

Haley Wilbanks '13 bears the distinction of the only current St. Andrew’s student to own a cow. In fact she owns two and one heifer (a cow who has yet to calve). Whiteface, Pretty Girl and Annabel live on Haley’s parents’ farm in Orange County, Virginia, about 30 miles northeast of Charlottesville. The three bovines own a large part of Haley’s heart. Sitting with her in my office I witness first-hand how this polite, reserved IV Former lights up when I ask her about them. “I can talk about my cows forever,” she says and I believe her.

Haley and her family moved from Texas in 2007 and quickly set to raising livestock and growing pumpkins (Haley estimates they produced over 10,000 pumpkins this fall). She joined 4-H and performed chores to earn enough money to purchase her first heifer, Whiteface, whom she raised from a bottle. Annabel and Pretty Girl soon followed as well as offspring. Whiteface and Pretty Girl gave birth to bulls this past September. Haley smiles, “My mom says I’m a grandmother now.”

Haley began raising heifers as a member of 4-H. She is an active and decorated member of the Orange County 4-H Club’s Livestock Club and Stockman Team and is required to do extra 4-H work during

vacations from school to remain in good standing. At the Orange County fair this past summer Haley’s youngest heifer, Annabel, won her division, Commercial Angus Senior Heifer Calves, enabling her to compete for the Champion Commercial Heifer (think “Best in Show”). “She’s beautiful,” Haley states in manner implying more fact than opinion.

Haley is also an avid horseback rider and hopes to continue expanding her herd for the foreseeable future. “I love the work and you can make some good money if you know what you’re doing.”

— Will Robinson '97



#### **How to Prepare Your Heifer for the County Fair:**

- You can wait several days until competition, so get her comfortable and settled into a nice stall.
- Trim her fur using two sets of clippers (a small set for her head and a large set for her body).
- Bath her with a hose and an animal-safe shampoo, like “Cowboy Magic”
- Blow-dry her thoroughly using an industrial hair dryer.

#### **And when competition begins:**

- Use a “showstick” to scratch her belly button to put her at ease.
- Smile and make eye-contact with the judges.
- Win (or lose) gracefully and shower your heifer with love.

## NEW FACULTY PROFILE:

### NATE CRIMMINS by Grace Mott '11 and Marcus Bailey '11

Meet Mr. Crimmins, the dog-loving, guitar-playing, joke-making, coffee-drinking, cool new religious teacher from Indiana. He went to school at Centre College in Kentucky, where he took theology classes that ultimately led him to Union Seminary in New York City. His favorite color is green and he prefers the tops of muffins.

#### How did you end up at St. Andrew's?

I first found out about St. Andrew's through a very close friend, who is good friends with Mr. Goldsberry. She knew that I was looking for a religious studies department somewhere at a school much like St. Andrew's, and when she heard that Mr. Goldsberry was leaving for the year she said, "Hey, Nate, (well, hey, Mr. Crimmins) you should check out this school that my friend taught at. So I went online, saw that this was precisely the sort of school I was looking for, and sent my stuff to Mr. Speers."

#### How did you get into religion?

I grew up going to a number of churches. Looking back I'm not quite sure if there was a particular tradition that I kind of stuck with... We church-hopped in my small town in Indiana. They were predominantly Protestant churches though, so that was kind of the introduction to it. When I got into college down in Kentucky, I studied philosophy. I got bored with philosophy about halfway into the program, decided to check out some theology classes, and it was those theology classes that I took in the later part of my college career that really set me on fire for continuing studying within theology, religion, religious studies and ethics. Those classes showed me a way of taking my understanding of religion and having it be socially engaged, which set me on the path to the seminary and then here.

#### Do you have siblings?

I do! I've got an older brother, Will. He's a great man. He's 27... yep. He was married last August, so... now I have a sister! I've never had a sister before. His wife's name is Megan, she's great. And then my little brother, his name is Luke, and he is 19. Luke and Will... I'm in the middle.

#### Do you like dogs?

Love 'em. Oh my gosh, I love dogs. I grew up with two dogs, Molly and Paco. I love 'em.

#### Are you allergic to anything?

Prior to coming to Delaware, I was under the impression that I was not

allergic to a thing; I've never had serious allergic reactions. Since coming to Middletown, I've been told that I have allergies.

#### Where is the farthest you've traveled?

Uh... I think it'd be New Zealand. I was studying volcanoes. I was a volcanologist for a month. It was great.

#### What's your favorite trip outside of the United States?

I've never really repeated any of the trips, and each one has been really special in some way. The New Zealand trip was great. I also went to Spain and walked a pilgrimage, straight across the northern part of Spain. It was 500 miles from St. Jean Pierre to Port a France and straight to Santiago. It took 26 days.

#### What's your favorite book?

*Gay Theology Without Apology* was a phenomenal book. If you're in my Religious Studies VI class you'll read an excerpt from it.

Oh my gosh! One of the best books... *Lamb*. It's hilarious! It's total fiction but it's a phenomenal read. The author sort of seeks to fill in gaps between what happens after Jesus' birth and before what's recorded in the gospels. It's a hilarious read!

#### What's your favorite thing to do on a rainy Sunday afternoon?

Where? Here? Back in New York? When I lived in Kentucky?

#### Anywhere.

When I lived in Kentucky it was to go to a café. I love coffee. I love café life and sitting in that kind of setting, I guess. Great people-watching, good coffee... if you bring work you get great amounts of work done. So I'd say go to a café. And not a Starbucks.

#### What's your favorite band?

Oh man, I love Ryan Adams and the Cardinals. Or just Ryan Adams' solo stuff. Ryan Adams is my favorite musician to date right now. Ray LaMontagne is a close second.

#### If you could live anywhere in the world, where would it be?

Elk Rapids, Michigan. There's a lake that my folks go to in the summers and it's



just a great community there, beautiful place. Many great memories there, boatin' on the lake, eating cherries. There or Yosemite National Park.

#### Do you prefer to write in black or blue ink?

Blue. You know why? Because the G2 is the best pen in the world, and I predominantly buy them in blue.

#### Sand or Snow?

To throw at people? Or to ski in? Or to live? Gimme some more.

#### Do you prefer surfing or skiing?

In another life, I was or will be a surfer. I'd say sand. I don't like it when it's in my shoe, and it can get really hot sometimes, but that beats getting snow down your pants.

#### Who do you look up to the most?

I'd say my folks. I really look up to them and respect them out of the people I know and love. I look up to my brother a lot, my older brother. I look up to, yeah probably my family, my parents.

#### What's your favorite food?

I love food. I don't have a favorite. But I have a favorite ice cream. Breyer's mint chocolate chip. It's gotta be Breyer's though. I've got some in the freezer if you guys want some.

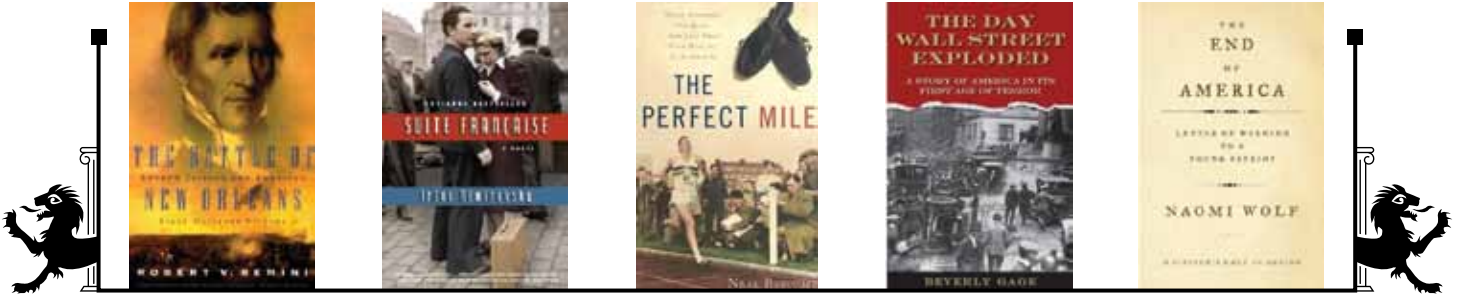
#### Favorite TV show?

I love *The Office*. I love *30 Rock*. I really loved *Heroes* and I was heartbroken to know that they aren't gonna come out with a fifth season. Love *Lost*, oh man I was a big *Lost* fan.

*To learn more about the notoriously awesome Mr. Crimmins, just go talk to him. He likes to talk. Seriously. We had to cut like ten minutes out of this interview.*

# Recommended Reads

FROM THE ST. ANDREW'S HISTORY DEPARTMENT



**Wilson Everhart**

**The Battle of New Orleans: Andrew Jackson and America's First Military Victory**

*by Robert V. Remini*

As with so many Americans, New Orleans is a city that my wife and I have come to love, and I am trying to learn as much about the city as I can. One way to learn about a city is to study the early battles, natural disasters, or conflicts that served to shape an area; and this book on the Battle of New Orleans served as a fascinating way to learn about the early history of this quintessentially American city.

**Thomas Fritz**

**Suite Francaise**

*by Irene Némirovsky*

A powerful novel set in France during the Nazi occupation of World War II, this book captures the lives of several families as they cope with this harrowing situation. It is a fascinating combination of fiction and non-fiction, including excerpts from the author's diary that were discovered many years later.

**Lindsay Brown**

**The Perfect Mile: Three Athletes, One Goal, and Less Than Four Minutes to Achieve It**

*by Neal Bascomb*

By 1952 humans had reached both poles of the earth, and the last two, great unachieved sporting conquests were the 4-minute mile and summit of Mt. Everest. Which would fall first, and who would achieve these great feats of human strength and endurance? This book follows the attempts by three men to break the 4-minute mile barrier, something many people thought was impossible. Each of

these three men faced disappointment and adversity in their quest, in different locations of the globe, yet each persevered, pushing the others as they went. Along with the drama of the attempt to achieve the perfect mile, the author also gives a history of human physical training and exercise theory, which is often amusing. For example, some doctors theorized that humans had a finite number of heartbeats in their lifetime, so exercise was actually very bad for you because it sped up your heart rate and used up your heartbeats sooner! I highly recommend this book!

**Emily Pressman**

**The Day Wall Street Exploded: A Story of America in Its First Age of Terror**

*by Beverly Gage*

Professor Gage's book is terrific! A dramatic narrative full of interesting and complex historical figures, it offers a window into post-WWI American attitudes towards immigrants, considers the roots of American anti-communism, and illuminates the origins of the FBI. For me, the account of efforts to protect civil liberties in the face of the ongoing bombing investigation was particularly fascinating. It is striking how many of the questions we wrestle with today in our own response to terrorism echo those faced by Americans of the 1920s.

**Michael Hyde**

**The End of America: Letter of Warning to a Young Patriot**

*by Naomi Wolf*

This book offers thought provoking ideas that force you to question the role of government.

- 1** International Student Leaders offered the school community a window into their unique cultures during International Day.
- 2** Freshman boys use a fall afternoon to play football on the front lawn...
- 3** ...and find reasons to celebrate.
- 4** Pell Dorm enjoys homemade bread from dorm parents Cal '90 and Gretchen Hurtt '90.
- 5** Kay's Kamp spent a fun-filled week on campus this summer, including a VIP tour of "State Trooper 1" on the front lawn. The camp provides children battling cancer a "normal" summer camp experience free of charge. Please visit [kayskamp.org](http://kayskamp.org) to learn more about this incredible organization.



**FALL SPORTS**



**Clockwise from left:** Sara Coyne '11 looks on as Solara Farquhar '12 plays the ball, Matt Grippo '12 breaks away against Friends, Mackenzie Peet '11 pushes forward at home against Tower Hill, Khary Dennis '12 directs the offense, Alexandra Porazzo '13 makes a move against Baldwin, Girls Cross-Country jumps out early at the St. Andrew's Invitational, Boys Cross-Country was one of the fastest in school history. The Fall Sports Assembly with full recaps and team awards is available to watch online. Please visit [standrews-de.org/youtube](http://standrews-de.org/youtube).





**FALL 2010  
POST-SEASON HONORS**

**FIELD HOCKEY**

- 1st TEAM ALL-STATE  
Mackenzie Peet '11
- 1st TEAM ALL-CONFERENCE  
Mackenzie Peet '11  
Celeste Lancaster '13
- 2nd TEAM ALL-CONFERENCE  
Grace Mott '11  
Frannie Gurzenda '11

**VOLLEYBALL**

- 2nd TEAM ALL-CONFERENCE  
Aurora Leibold '11
- HONORABLE MENTION  
Grace Seekins '12  
Louise Marks '14

**FOOTBALL**

- 1st TEAM ALL CONFERENCE  
OFFENSE  
Dee Simons '11  
Austin Tilghman '14  
Sean Crowley '11
- HONORABLE MENTION - OFFENSE  
Martin Millsbaugh '12  
Jerome Wright '11
- 1st TEAM ALL-CONFERENCE  
DEFENSE  
Sean Crowley '11  
Mason Leonard '13  
Jake Myers '12  
Khary Dennis '12
- HONORABLE MENTION – DEFENSE  
Sterling Cousar '13  
John Cochran '11

**BOYS' SOCCER**

- 3rd TEAM ALL-STATE  
Dayton Geddes-Key '12
- 1st TEAM ALL-CONFERENCE  
Dayton Geddes-Key '12
- 2nd TEAM ALL-CONFERENCE  
Matt Grippo '12  
James Rajasingh '13
- HONORABLE MENTION  
Andy Grabis '13
- DISC COACH of the YEAR  
Matt Carroll

**BOYS' CROSS-COUNTRY**

- 3rd TEAM ALL-STATE  
Henry Weaver '12
- 3rd TEAM ALL-COUNTY HONORS  
Henry Weaver '12





Deb Davis '77 at the medals dock for the "D" 2x final with Jamieson Thomas in the bow.

## Deb Davis '77 World Champion

Dr. Deb Davis '77 is already in the record books as one of the first women to row at St. Andrew's after the School went co-ed in 1973. Her early St. Andrew's rowing career included stroking the Varsity 8 to Gold Medals at Stotesbury and the National Championship at the Scholastic Rowing Association National Regatta. She went on to win the Henry Prize for athletics and the Brownlee Crew Prize at graduation. It only seems fitting that she can now add World Champion to her list of athletic accomplishments. Davis won two Gold Medals at the FISA World Rowing Masters Regatta this September at the Henley course in Ontario, Canada. Both her wins came in doubles races (female and mixed pairs, respectively) beating the best the world has to offer.

Violent weather almost ended her first race before it began. Squalls caused several boats to overturn during early racing, but Davis stayed steady in the final. Setting the pace in the stroke seat, Davis and her partner, Jamieson Thomas of Orlando (Fla.) Rowing Club, gutted out a down-to-the-wire win, crossing the finish line only 18-hundredths of a second in front of members of the Argonaut Rowing Club of Toronto. Her second gold came the following day with another win by less than a second edging out strong doubles from Canada and The Netherlands. "It was exciting, bare bones, hard-out racing, which I love," Davis said.

Davis traveled to Worlds with the Chester River Rowing Club where she serves as president. When she's not the best doubles masters racer in the world, she is the lead physician at the Chester

River Hospital Emergency Room in Chestertown, Md. Congrats, Deb! (You can row with Deb and other alumni rowers at the Diamond State Masters Regatta this summer. Contact Gordon Brownlee, [gbrownlee@standrews-de.org](mailto:gbrownlee@standrews-de.org), for more information. -Ed.)

## Alex Lynch '11 Captains U.S. Team at Euro Junior Golf Cup

Mark Twain once described golf as "a good walk ruined," but Mr. Twain never swung a golf club like Alex Lynch '11. For Alex, golf is a passion that's taken him around the world and back. This summer he traveled with Team USA to compete in the 2010 Euro Junior Golf Cup at St. Andrew's, Scotland. He was tabbed by his teammates to serve as Captain and proved up to the world's most challenging courses. Before the team competition, he entered the Scottish Junior Open at Scotsraig and placed second with a 1-over 72. His sharpshooting carried over into the Euro Cup where he shot 71, 72 and 74 over three rounds at Crail, Scotsraig and Drumoig, respectively, en route to winning 4 points out of a possible 6 in match play. His match play sweep in the final day of competition helped fuel a furious comeback from the U.S. that ultimately left them just short of host country Scotland for the overall team title.

In a world that increasingly places a premium on specialization, Alex is somewhat of an anomaly. He has been a three-sport athlete at St. Andrew's despite not having a golf team. He



Alex Lynch '11 tees off for Team USA in St. Andrew's, Scotland.

captained the Varsity soccer team this fall and was recently selected to lead the Varsity squash team as Captain for the second year in a row. He was also a state champion tennis player at second doubles his sophomore year helping the team win the overall State Championship. When he's not running around courts or fields or taking walks with his golf clubs, he's serving as the Residential Leader to freshmen boys on Hillier Corridor, as an Acolyte and Sunday School Teacher in the Chapel and tutoring elementary students at nearby St. Anne's Episcopal School. Scratch golfer, campus leader, nice guy. So what's his weakness? "I'm addicted to sundaes at Friendly's," he admits. Nobody's perfect.

## Mackenzie Peet '11 Attends DIAA Leadership Conference

by Mary Wilson '12

Senior Mackenzie Peet '11 has long been recognized as one of the State's elite athletes earning First Team All-State recognition in both field hockey and lacrosse. She's a three-time MVP and two-time Captain of the field hockey team and will be a pivotal member of the girls lacrosse team with eyes on making another run at the State Championship this spring. She's also a leader off the field serving as the Residential Leader for Upper Moss, a Communion Assistant in the Chapel and has simultaneously tutored at two different local elementary schools.

This summer she was invited to participate in the Delaware Interscholastic Athletic Association's summer leadership conference. As one of only 40 student-athletes honored from across the state, Peet and her peers discussed sportsmanship, community service and character building. Peet participated in three, two-hour sessions on each day of the three-day program that featured guest speakers on leadership. Bonding activities allowed Peet to get to know students from other schools on a personal level.

One of her favorite parts was when the Independent Conference, made up of St. Andrew's, Tower Hill, Tatnall, Sanford, Wilmington Friends and Westtown, met to discuss possible joint community service activities. They agreed to introduce a fundraiser at each school called Let the Kids Play (<http://www.letkidsplay.ca>). Funds raised will go toward supplying underserved schools in Wilmington, Del., with basic sports equipment that they can't afford. Another highlight of the three-day program was a service project cleaning up a bike trail in Lewes, Del. Peet says she could really see a difference from their work. Even passing runners or bikers would stop and say thanks. Peet said, "The whole conference was a great experience. I feel so fortunate to have been able to attend."



Mackenzie Peet '11 leads a Psalm during a fall Chapel service.

## Gordon Cayce '70 Teaches Sky Jones '12 How to Fly

By Serena Woodward '12

On a crisp early morning in March, aptly named Sky Jones '12 traveled to Lookout Mountain in Georgia for his first meeting with his new hang-gliding coach. After the standard meet-and-greet, Sky's coach asked him where he went to school, to which he replied, "St. Andrew's. It's in Delaware." The instructor replied that he not only knew of the school, but that he was an alum! Gordon Cayce '70 started hang-gliding in 1975 and is currently the Flight School Director at Lookout Mountain Flight Park in northwest Georgia (near Chattanooga, Tenn.). Sky was shocked. After reminiscing with the coach about

the old and present St. Andrew's, Sky embarked on his first lesson.

He was a natural from the start. After one week of ground lessons, Sky was ready for his first solo-flight. He took off from 2000 feet and managed a six-minute flight. He went on to make three more solos earning his Novice Rating, Hang 2 in the process. "Sky was an excellent student," recalled Cayce. "He was able to accomplish in a week what can easily take months to achieve. I will also admit that I was a little nervous. As a fellow St. Andrean, I felt an added responsibility for Sky's success."

Cayce credits English teacher Ches Baum '34 for helping nurture a love of sailing that evolved into his passion for hang-gliding. "I spent many hours on Noxontown Pond sailing the School's fleet of Penguins and Flippers. Mr. Baum was an avid sailor and took a few of us to regattas to help sail his Lightning. A few years after leaving St. Andrew's, the earliest hang-gliders started to appear. To me, there was an instant connection between the small boats I had sailed and these amazing new aircraft."

The love of teaching and learning came full-circle with the opportunity to pass his gift on to Sky. When asked why he decided to learn how to hang-glide, Sky replied, "The idea of flight has fascinated me since I was young. I was more excited when I found out I could actually go." Sky can't wait to get back in the air. "Hang-gliding was an amazing experience and I hope I can go again."

Interested in a lesson from Gordon? Visit the Lookout Mountain Flight Park's website at [Hangglide.com](http://Hangglide.com).

## Rob Rasmussen '12 Competes for Team USA

Rob Rasmussen '12 was just happy to be on Lake Mercer at the Junior National Team Trials this past summer near Princeton, NJ. He was one of hundreds of rowers from across the country there to prove their mettle in hopes of joining the team that would compete at the Junior World Rowing Championships later in the summer. He was in great



Rob Rasmussen '12 prepares to launch for the U.S. Junior National Team.

shape after rowing first boat for a fast St. Andrew's squad that spring, but he was not expecting anything more than to row hard and enjoy the experience.

Rob and his partner, Nader Al-Naji, had only started rowing together as a double three days earlier and were non-selection invitees to camp. They were good enough to be there, but not identified as having more than a fighter's chance to advance in the trials. Rowing cleanly and with unified determination, they surprised everyone by finding themselves among the top three boats left standing after a day of grueling time trials and heats. When the two other doubles decided to join forces and create a quad for Worlds, Rob and Nader found themselves as the lone men's double picked to represent the United States.

A few weeks later Rob landed in Racice, Czech Republic (a short drive from Prague) to take on the world's best. Over four days, Rob competed in multiple races in a round-robin format designed to shake out the best overall boats. The double at Worlds had the most entries of any event making it one of the most competitive. Rob and Nader won their 'D' final placing 19th out of 28 boats; the best finish ever from a U.S. boat in the event.

As a member of the 1988 U.S. Olympic Team, Head Boys Crew Coach Lindsay Brown knows what it means to represent his country on the world stage. "Rob has a laser-like focus on rowing and enjoys the hard work necessary to excel in the sport. I look forward to watching him continue to improve." With Nader now a freshman rower at Princeton University, Rob hopes to make the team again this summer competing in the single scull event.

## CREATIVE CAMPUS



- 1 The St. Andrew's a capella group, the Noxontones, perform with the MIT Logarhythms.
- 2 Sam Lee '11 jams during a Jazz Band concert.
- 3 Head Chorister Ella Cahill '11 sings a solo during the Choral Scholars' offering of Handel's Messiah.
- 4 Sophia Maguire '11 teaches her weekly boys ballet class.
- 5 Omololu Babatunde '11 and Rachel Stoddard '12 conclude the final scene of this year's fall play, Lillian Hellman's "The Children's Hour."
- 6 Grace Saliba '12 and Alec Hill '12 in John McGiff's Painting I class.
- 7 Longtime Faculty member Nan Mein is retired, but came back to campus for a week this fall to teach eager students how to knit..
- 8 The Orchestra performs during Parents Weekend.



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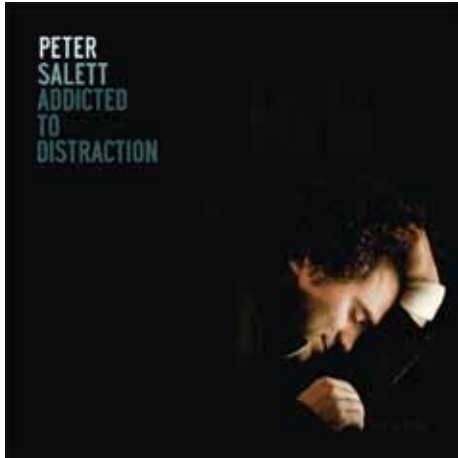


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**Peter Salett '87**  
**"Addicted to Distraction"**  
**(Dusty Shoes)**

Peter Salett recently released his sixth album, *Addicted to Distraction*, on his own Dusty Shoes Music label (RED). Since his last album, Salett relocated from his longtime home in New York to Los Angeles, he married and his wife gave birth to their first child, a son. The new album is a reflection of the many life changes Salett has undergone. "This is a brighter album for me in terms of the tempos and horn arrangements," Salett offers. "It's kind of my party record."

Peter has written multiple songs for films as diverse as Judd Apatow's *Forgetting Sarah Marshall* (where he wrote a comedic Dracula puppet musical finale), and Cannes Film Festival art house favorite *Down in the Valley*, which Salett also scored. Earlier this year, he contributed a song to the soundtrack of HBO's *By the People: The Election of Barack Obama*, alongside John Mayer, Sheryl Crow, Bruce Springsteen and other major artists. The slot was well earned—Salett was on hand for the decisive Iowa caucuses in 2008 and served as a field producer on the film.

Visit [petersalett.com](http://petersalett.com) for more information on Salett's music and upcoming performances.

**Adams Wood '90**  
**"On Coal River"**  
**(Downriver Media)**

Coal River Valley, West Virginia, is a community surrounded by lush mountains and a looming toxic threat. *ON COAL RIVER* (shot over a five-year period and produced and directed by Adams Wood '90 and his wife Francine Cavanaugh) follows a former miner and his neighbors in a David-and-Goliath struggle for the future of their valley, their children, and life as they know it.

Ed Wiley once worked at the same coal waste facility that now threatens his granddaughter's elementary school. When his local government refuses to act, Ed embarks on a quest to have the school relocated to safer ground. Ed is supported by his neighbors along the way. Ex-marine Bo Webb returned home to discover his once-idyllic valley being transformed by mountaintop removal. Judy Bonds is forced to leave her ancestral home when the same company opens a mine next door - sending dangerous black water down the creek where her grandson played. Across the river, Maria Lambert recognizes a pattern



in the unusual health problems plaguing her community. Following intuition, and what she describes as a mission from above, Maria gathers evidence suggesting that nearby coal companies have contaminated her neighborhood's water supply.

*Described by the Huffington Post as "the most inspiring and triumphant story of a possible clean energy future," ON COAL RIVER is an Official Selection of seven film festivals as of press time. You can find more information about the film and upcoming screenings at OnCoalRiver.com.*

**Emily Zazulia '02**  
**"'Corps contre corps', voix contre voix: conflicting codes of discourse in the combinative chanson."**  
**(Early Music)**

As a fifth-year Ph.D. candidate in Musicology at the University of Pennsylvania, Emily Zazulia is currently writing a dissertation that raises questions about the uses and purpose of musical notation in the 15<sup>th</sup> century. "Very often we think of what early music notation does not tell us—dynamics, performing forces, and even accidentals—but the music I am working with is notated in a way that can reveal aspects of its structure and construction, as well as the ways that singers interacted with these manuscripts."

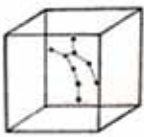
She recently published an article in the prestigious publication, *Early Music*. The article is not related to her dissertation, but concentrates on the uses of obscenity in 15th century song. Zazulia introduces readers to a song by composer Firminus Caron. "The song juxtaposes two opposing views of physical love: one presents the act as respectful and joyous, the other as raucous and vulgar. These aren't value judgments, however, both sides are unapologetically

positive on the issue. Through these oppositions of message, language, and melodic style, Caron suggests that the viewpoints they present are not truly opposed, but rather both valid—two sides of the same coin.”

*Zazulia will also be a visiting instructor of music at Haverford College this spring. You can find Emily's article at <http://em.oxfordjournals.org>, keyword "Zazulia".*

### **Chris Reiger '95** **"Uprooted"** **(Heart Gallery, San Francisco)**

Chris Reiger's fall exhibition at San Francisco's Heart Gallery featured five of his works that take a thoughtful reflection on nature. "My work is principally concerned with contemporary man's mutable conception of Nature. The paintings are celebratory hybrids of myth, natural history, and science; the world they picture stretches between the tidy "truth" and the messy question. They depict a world in flux, a Nature imploding and dissolving. But this dissolution is also an opening of the senses, the seepage of magic and mystery into the picture."



CANIS RUFUS

Reiger also has a charitable approach to the sale of his work donating a percentage to non-profit organizations. "In the fall of 2008, I decided to contribute a significant percentage of every art sale to non-profit organizations that are working to redress environmental and social ills. By generating money for important causes through the sale of my artwork, I can act in proxy; the long hours in the studio can be connected to the spirit of the art and to the greater community. If the sales model is a success, I plan to invite other artists to join an expanding network of professionals dedicated to making the art market work for the environmental and social causes that are most important to us."

Reiger is currently a Root Division resident artist in the Mission District of San Francisco. He also teaches Adult Education art classes and works with underserved youth. Shows this past summer took him to New York City, Chicago and San Francisco. He recently released a limited edition print through the Endangered Species Print Project. All proceeds support preservation efforts. (See picture inset.)

*Visit [christopherreiger.com](http://christopherreiger.com) for more information on Reiger's work and upcoming exhibitions.*

### **Maria Fortiz-Morse '00** **"Trash-Out"** **(PBS POV Documentaries)**

The recent housing foreclosures in America have left homes empty and abandoned. What happens to these homes? What remnants are left behind? Marie Fortiz-Morse's documentary short, "Trash-Out", takes viewers close to the issue showing workers cleaning homes that have been foreclosed upon. "I wanted to reveal a poignant part



of the foreclosure process that is not often seen. Who are the 'trash-out' contractors and what is their experience as they work through dozens of abandoned homes each month?" Maria Fortiz-Morse is a recent graduate of Stanford University's M.F.A. program in documentary film and video. Through the use of intimate, observational camerawork, she seeks to document the essential humanity of her subjects. "Trash Out" achieves that beautifully earning praise and broadcast on PBS' acclaimed documentary series POV.

*Visit [pbs.org/pov/trashout](http://pbs.org/pov/trashout) to learn more.*

*RED WOLF #1 by Christopher Reiger  
8" x 10" archival ink jet on bamboo paper  
December, 2010*

**William Penn Daniel '07  
Receives Gray-Carrington  
Memorial Award at UVA**

The last thing William Penn Daniel thinks you should know is that he's a nice guy. I ask him over the phone how or why he won the University of Virginia's prestigious Gray-Carrington Memorial Award and he never gives me a clear answer. I'm pretty sure he doesn't want this article to appear in the St. Andrew's Magazine, but he's too polite to come out and say it directly. I search online for a description of the award and find my answer:

*The Gray-Carrington Award was established in 1971 in memory of Arthur P. "Pete" Gray IV and in 1987 was expanded to honor Edward C. Carrington Jr. It honors students who excel in personal integrity, achievement, leadership and humility.*

Humility. I'm resigned, but like him even more as he breaches the awkwardness. "The process is the greatest part about it. Nominations and finalist selections are done by the student body." He, of course, nominated several students and interviewed with the selection committee on their behalf. "They investigate the nominees by

figuring out who their closest friends are and then sitting down with them one-on-one and digging into different anecdotes." So while William Penn Daniel was enthusiastically praising his classmates, they were praising him. "I was stunned when I learned that I was a finalist—really flattered. The other six finalists were athletes, scholars; some of the most well respected people on campus. One of my closest friends, Stephanie Chubb '07, was also a finalist. She's awesome."

Now I have some of the facts. The entire UVA student body gets together and goes through a process to determine which student on campus best embodies personal integrity, achievement, leadership and humility. Seven finalists from the entire student body are selected. Two are from St. Andrew's. My Director of Communications' head is growing by the second.

He speeds over the actual winning part of the story by talking about how great it was to spend time with the other finalists on selection day and meet some of Pete Gray's and Edward Carrington's classmates. "It was really cool to hear about those guys and how much they meant to their classes."

I want him to tell me how great it feels to win, but I change tactics and decide to start small.

"Tell me, what do you do on campus?"

"Um. I'm the president of the Inter-Fraternity Council and write music reviews for The Declaration [UVA's Arts & Culture Weekly]."

I can tell he's finished with his résumé. "Anything else?"

"I guess I'm also the director of the Big Siblings program at the Madison House."

I'm tired of begging so I just Google it. The Madison House is UVA's community outreach center, which means he is primarily responsible for matching UVA students with kids in the area who could use a mentor. I spare him and don't ask him how many kids he's mentored in his 3-plus years in Charlottesville.

"So what's the greatest part about winning this award?"

"Well, next year I get to sit on the selection committee. I'm looking forward to meeting so many amazing people."

"That sounds awesome," I say.

"Yeah, it is."

—Will Robinson '97

**ST. ANDREW'S MATH DEPARTMENT CHALLENGE**

A new faculty member at St. Andrew's is a teacher, coach and advisor to members of the III Form. He teaches 20 (boys and girls), coaches 10 (boys) and is an advisor to three (boys). At lunch, on his first day, he tells the eight students who are assigned to eat with him (randomly selected from the student body of 296) that he is surprised to see that none of these students are at his lunch table. What is the likelihood that none of his students would be at his table? There are 60 students in the III Form. If there are nine table changes in a year, what is the probability that he will see all of his students in that time?

Level of difficulty: 

—Dr. Harvey Ryan Johnson '97  
Teacher of Algebra I, Multivariable  
Calculus, Physics and Chemistry



Please submit your answer to [communications@standrews-de.org](mailto:communications@standrews-de.org). We will randomly select one correct answer to receive an official St. Andrew's Mathlete t-shirt courtesy of the Defending State Champion Math Team.





- 1** A water balloon toss starts to get interesting after the conclusion of the annual Turkey Trot.
- 2** Meagan Green '11 and Co-Chaplain Jay Hutchinson accept an award from the Blood Bank of Delmarva recognizing St. Andrew's for the highest percentage of donors among small schools during the 2009-2010 blood drive.
- 3** III Formers spent their second day on campus team building and walking through swamps at the Echo Hill Outdoor School.
- 4** Studio Arts teacher Elizabeth McGiff has transformed the display cases in Amos Hall turning minerals and sea shells into educational and engaging art installations.
- 5** Saw Gowen '14 considers his options during a game of "communication breakdown."





## Peace, Love and the Importance of Studying a Foreign Language

Convocation Address  
by Diahann Johnson  
September 11, 2010

**B**efore I begin, I want to acknowledge some sources of inspiration for this talk. Needless to say this speech is informed by everything that I have read, experienced and believe to be true. I have been touched by writings that are both sacred and profane, by fellow truth seekers like Parker Palmer who I have read and re-read during my career as a teacher and who speaks eloquently about the need for each of us to be in “troth,” a relationship of mutual responsibility and trust, with each other.

I have also been inspired most recently by a small but powerful book by Martha Nussbaum, *Not for Profit*, which Mr. Roach asked a number of us to read over the summer. I had written the bulk of my talk before reading the book and was surprised and affirmed that the book spoke to some of the same issues that I had chosen to address in my speech. I felt affirmed because the topic I had chosen aligned with other conversations that were taking place across the country about education and the idea that the values upon which our democracy were founded are eroding, and with them, the spirit of generosity, inclusiveness,

tolerance and ingenuity. So for those of you who have read Nussbaum and for those of you who have not yet read her, I will make some explicit and a few implicit references to her writing.

The significance of today’s date is not lost on me, nor would it be lost on anyone who was alive nine years ago today and recalls with horrific detail the events that caused us as a nation to cling to one another for strength and hope. The morning of September 11, 2001, when two planes, piloted by Muslim extremists, crashed into the World Trade Center killing thousands. When the planes struck the towers I was standing in the middle of the language corridor at St. Andrew’s. A student stopped long enough to tell me what he had read on the Internet.

After hearing the news I instinctively headed down to the chapel before joining a group of students and adults that were gathering in the student center. We watched in real-time as the world changed forever. This speech is not about the war on terror, nor is it a speech in support of one political point of view or another. In the next 20 minutes I will talk about the pursuit of peace, the power of love and the importance of studying a

foreign language and how these three activities may preserve our humanity as we endeavor to define what it means to live in a global society.

After 9/11 many of us in this country were shocked to discover that there were people in the world that did not love Americans and that they did not universally embrace our form of government. How is this possible since our very flag represents the fight against tyranny and injustice? The stars and stripes are still a beacon of freedom drawing people from all over the world and offering sanctuary to victims of religious intolerance, political persecution and those following the promise of a better life for themselves and their families. It is true that Americans hold nothing higher than the right to freedom of expression (even the ideas held by Pastors from Gainesville, Fla.). We believe that every person should have the opportunity to realize his or her full potential and pursue his or her unique destiny. Whether or not the reality lives up to the dream, we would not choose to wake from this reverie, to pull up stakes and move anywhere else in the world because of our unshakeable faith in the institutions



that we have built over the last 200 years. We believe in our potential as a nation to live out our collective dream. But the dream is under attack. We live in an increasingly polarized world ruled by greed and self-interest. We are increasingly suspicious of the “other,” who in our reductive reasoning most resembles the shopkeeper, the taxi driver or the migrant worker; all of those individuals who do not speak English as their first language. Nussbaum agrees. She says, “All modern societies are rapidly losing the battle, as they feed the forces that lead to violence and dehumanization and fail to feed the forces that lead to cultures of equality and respect.”

“It is the duty of educators,” she continues, “to ensure that we develop a student’s capacity to see the world from the viewpoint of other people, to teach real and true things about other groups, so as to counter stereotypes.” Nussbaum hints that if the dark forces that are currently stirring in our country are allowed to take over we may be forced to wake to a nightmare where the freedoms we thought we had become illusory. Some opponents of globalization believe that we will

live in a nation that no longer creates but copies, where individuality is devalued and humanity is exchanged for whatever is bigger, faster, and puts us at an economical advantage over our neighbors and damn the cost.

I agree, cautiously. I do not mean to repudiate progress. I believe that innovation is evidence of a healthy and vibrant society that cultivates creativity and individuality. I also believe countries have a moral imperative to improve the quality of life for all people through constructive and responsible economic growth. The way to achieve these goals is through education but what kind of education is best?

I would argue, as Nussbaum does so convincingly in *Not for Profit*, that a quality liberal arts education (and I add, one that includes the study of foreign languages) produces individuals who are optimally equipped for the challenges of the 21st century.

In the spring of this year Mr. Costa forwarded an article to department heads published on *Inside Higher Ed*, a web-based resource targeting educators. The title of the article

which appeared in April 2010, “Left Out of General Ed” described how George Washington University (GWU) had voted overwhelmingly to exclude introductory foreign language courses in their curricular requirements arguing that the study of foreign language does not promote “critical thinking.” The move was made amid pressure to reduce the number of credits for the general education requirement from 50 to 30 credit hours. We can read in between the lines here and translate pressure as an economic imperative to cut cost and maintain a competitive edge with other institutions of higher learning.

GWU’s decision is not an isolated incident but is indicative of a trend that has been amplified by the recent recession. Facing massive budget cuts and teacher layoffs, school districts are being forced to make tough decisions on which programs to keep and which programs to eliminate. Sadly, foreign language programs and the arts are the first to be winnowed away.

In response to GWU’s decision and the assertion that the study of foreign language does not promote critical thinking, Young-Key Kim-Renaud, chair of East Asian languages and literatures at GWU offered this observation: “Language acquisition requires highly analytical and communicative skills and, when it is a matter of second language acquisition, directly helps develop diverse perspectives. It has long been proven that learning one’s own language is not an automatic process done by constant imitation but a result of children’s repeated revised hypotheses, based on the data available, until finally they reach adulthood.”

She added, “Even if one does not achieve ‘useful’ proficiency, the

very experience of learning a new language is opening a door to a whole new world, for it goes without saying that languages reflect the cultures where they are spoken, different ways of analyzing the world, and human relations, and different ways of communicating and dealing with myriad aspects of the human condition." The article in *Inside Higher Ed* set off a firestorm in the academic community as many others in the field of language education voiced similar objections and were shocked and disappointed by GWU's shortsightedness and intellectual heresy for the sake of expediency and economy.

Clearly the need for language study is apparent from a purely practical standpoint if we only examine the number of people who speak a foreign language within our own borders. According to the U.S. Census Bureau nearly one in five respondents (18%) reported that they spoke another language other than English at home and statistics show that these numbers are on the rise. The highest percentage of multi-lingual households spoke Spanish (28.1 million people), followed by Chinese (2 million), French (1.6 million) and German (1.4 million). These numbers are impressive but apparently not convincing by themselves to force a change in policy.

However, a threat outside of our borders was enough to turn the tide and prompted the government to launch the National Security Language Initiative in 2006 aimed at encouraging the study of "critical" or "strategic" languages. Programs like Startalk were a result of this government initiative. The goal of National Security Language Initiative is to "fund existing language programs and create new ones, also

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to provide incentives and rewards for foreign language learning and its use in the work force."

Mrs. Chiu has been involved with this program locally for the past two years as a lead instructor for the Chinese program aimed at elementary school-aged children. Similar programs exist all over the country to promote the teaching of Arabic, Urdu, Hindi and Persian. It is no wonder that there is concern at the government level regarding foreign language education when numbers out of the Government Accounting Office point to a critical shortage of federal employees with foreign language skills.

In a recent article I read by Katherine Peters entitled "Lost in Translation," more than 70 federal agencies require employees with foreign language skills. She warns that our continued inattention to

the problem will have devastating consequences. She says, it will affect our "diplomatic readiness, resulting in ineffective representation and advocacy of U.S. interests abroad, lost exports and foreign investments, and lost opportunities combating international terrorism and drug trafficking."

You don't need statistics to understand that learning a foreign language is not only practical but also necessary in order to navigate an increasingly complex world. From experience, I have noticed that polyglots are more facile at making connections outside of their cultural comfort zone. These connections are made at home or abroad, directly and indirectly through the media, literature and over the worldwide web.

I grew up in a multi-lingual household. On a given day I would hear my mother and aunt speaking Dutch and Papiamento (a patois spoken in Aruba where she was born). She also spoke a little Spanish, especially with our neighbor in New York who was from Puerto Rico. When my mother and father's family emigrated from the Caribbean they were made keenly aware of their otherness and although they were discouraged from identifying with their native culture they clung to it. We ate salt fish and Johnnycakes for breakfast and celebrated two independence days. They code-switched between Papiamento among family and English was reserved for general consumption.

This display of cultural pride was not considered a betrayal because they knew through hard work and sacrifice their children would be the beneficiaries of the American dream. These early influences helped to determine my path, one of empathy



*Tom O'Rourke '56, recipient of the Headmaster's Award presented at Convocation, reflects on his three-decade long commitment to community development and volunteerism in the Philadelphia Region. Tom currently sits on the board of several non-profits and foundations in the region and cited his work as a long-term mentor to children as his most rewarding.*

for others and a curiosity to explore different cultures. Barely out of high school I traveled to London and then Paris. I dabbled in several foreign languages before I decided I would master one. From Paris to Moscow and Berlin, I was exposed to different cultures and languages but remained an outsider, an observer with no claim to membership in any of the communities in which I lived. It was not until my second trip to Africa in 2008 as a translator for a church group doing missions work, that I fully embraced what it meant to be a citizen of the world. The transformative moment occurred on a bus ride through Kinshasa in the Democratic Republic of the Congo. We were passing in front of the old Presidential Palace where deadly riots had broken out after elections seven months earlier; the situation in the country was still tense. It seemed as though the entire population of this former Belgian colony was in the streets for lack of food, and the unlikely prospect that they would

find employment. In response to this endless sea of misery someone in the group lifted a hymn. The first line of the hymn was sung in Lingala one of the five official languages of the Congo. Soon after, another voice filtered in, this time in French, then another voice followed in English. There were a dozen or more people on the bus and at least a half a dozen different ethnic and linguistic groups represented. All of the voices blended as one, the common thread between us was our faith and yes, our humanity. When the song ended everyone was emotional, awed by the power of a single idea that had erased all of the artificial barriers of class, race and culture that separated us just moments before. Living abroad has ingrained in me the idea that I cannot truly love my neighbor if I cannot speak to him in his heart language, the language of humanity. In order to see another person's humanity, I must endeavor to see the world through his or her eyes, to live for a moment in his or her shoes. If I am to love my neighbor, if I

truly want to know them, I need to get past the sound bites and the headlines and find that common ground where we connect. When I teach my students I tell them to beware of the "one story." Chinamanda Ngozi Adichie, the young Nigerian author, who wrote Half of a Yellow Sun, speaks about the danger of the "one story" when she talks about how we can all be seduced by the pre-consumed impressions that are fed to us through the media about people who live outside of our community or outside of our experience. I try to tell them to resist the spin, to check the story for themselves using multiple sources to verify their facts. I tell them not to generalize. Looking back at 9/11 and forewarned about the dangers of the one story, what students discovered was how much of the world stood with the U.S. in denouncing the despicable acts of a misguided group of individuals. They also realized how much we as a country had to learn about the signals that we were unwittingly sending certain populations notably, the poor, the exploited, the disenfranchised folk who felt disrespected and forgotten. We had to learn how to listen to the voice of the "other" and to see their humanity as inextricably linked to our own. Without a common language with which to communicate we are reduced to accusations, name-calling and saber rattling.

Sadly, I believe that the rush to promote "critical languages" after 9/11 had more to do with national security, intelligence gathering and maintaining the upper hand on our so-called enemies than it did with building bridges or promoting true dialog. Even in our alliances we are found wanting. Many of our leaders are unable to communicate in the language of

our closest friends, countries who supported our cause. This is a cruel irony. If we lack the cultural IQ to comprehend our allies we are already on shaky ground. It is therefore imperative to close this cultural divide and to be able to extend a hand in peace to those groups and regimes that wish us harm and to express those sentiments in a common language.

Not to over dramatize but the fate of the world, but the entirety of humankind, the connectedness of individual communities, depends on our ability to communicate: To succeed in conveying one's ideas; to be able to share and understand each other's thoughts and feelings. Parker Palmer says so beautifully in To Know as We Are Known: Education as a Spiritual Journey: "Ultimately, an ethical education is one that creates the capacity for connectedness in the lives of students." An ethical education allows "the educated person to live more productively and more at peace in a complex and demanding world." Such an education would provide the insight "that beyond the broken surface of our lives there is a 'hidden wholeness' on which all life depends."

The fact is that many of us live in isolation, self-segregation, because we are unable to communicate our real needs and desires to the people around us. Fear and ignorance keep us adrift from the mainstream of love, acceptance and fulfillment. The question is how do we get back to shore? How do we secure our moorings in a safe harbor that will sustain us and keep us while we make this life's journey?

In closing, I would like to return for a moment to an idea that I introduced in the opening of this talk, the meaning of the word "troth."

Parker Palmer's examination of the English word "truth" takes us to the German root or "troth" as in the word "to betroth." Yes, in the end it all boils down to a language lesson. Parker, explains "troth" this way: "With this word one person enters a covenant with another, a pledge to engage in a mutually accountable and transforming relationship, a relationship forged of trust and faith in the face of unknowable risks."

When you enter your language classrooms this fall prepare to enter into a relationship of "troth" with your teachers, with the subject and with your fellow students. The "unknowable risks" you will encounter include the acknowledgement that you cannot control every outcome, that you will learn more through failure than immediate success and that opening yourself to new ideas may bring you closer to understanding who you really are.

More importantly, when you enter into "troth" with another person

you must accept that this process of transformation is not completed within a year or even four. After 20 years of marriage, my betrothed announced over breakfast one morning that the reason that we were still married is because we were two incredibly hard-headed people and that our differences, me being raised in a West Indian household with Anglican roots and his Southern Methodist background, made us an unlikely match. "I just don't get you a lot of the time," he said, but added quickly with that smile that could melt an iceberg, "but I love you!"

What we went on to discuss that morning was how differences lead to conflict, conflict leads to growth, growth leads to understanding, understanding leads to acceptance and how in the end, this process made us both better people. So when you read the *Little Prince* in French or in Spanish and marvel when he says, "On ne voit bien qu'avec le coeur. L'essentiel est invisible aux yeux," when you learn



Headmaster's Award recipient Charlie Crystle '86 shares the arc of his career from nearly being excused from school to successful entrepreneur to local school board member and philanthropist. *Forbes*, *BusinessWeek*, *Inc.* and *Wired* have all hailed his drive to "do well by doing good."

in Chinese that the word for “crisis” combines the symbols for danger and opportunity or when you realize that the plight of the gypsies (les Roms) in France is a philosophical and moral debate that resembles the debate over immigration in our own country, think of how you will apply what you learn in your classes here to your life after St. Andrew’s.

Take heart, you have a long road ahead. Remember to question deeply, struggle mightily, and to open yourself up to the possibility of change. I pray that you will be the future ambassadors of peace, and that you will plant seeds of hope, compassion and tolerance everywhere you go. *Shalom!* ■

## ENVIRONMENTAL STEWARDS

The Environmental Stewards are a volunteer group dedicated to increasing ecological diversity on campus and educating the community around environmental issues in the hopes of encouraging them to become more aware and appreciative of the natural world.

A few of their achievements led by Co-Leaders Charlie Martin '11 and Frannie Gurzenda '11 this fall include:

- Frequent Environmental Dorm Audits
- Plantings near the boathouse to curb erosion and improve aesthetics
- Plantings near the organic garden to improve ecological diversity
- Hosting their annual Fall Festival celebrating autumn
- Encouraging dining services to serve food sourced locally
- Relishing the outdoors, including raking around campus, camping in Pennsylvania and enjoying Noxontown Pond



You can find the Environmental Stewards video educating the community on composting at [standrews-de.org/youtube](http://standrews-de.org/youtube)



# Rowing INTO THE FUTURE...&

*by John Reeve '66*

**“So we beat on,  
boats against the  
current, borne  
back ceaselessly  
into the past.”**

—F. Scott Fitzgerald  
*The Great Gatsby*

All in all, it has been an excellent adventure. It began with a call from Chesa Profaci '80 and Gordon Brownlee '75 for oarsmen of the past to assemble at St. Andrew's for the 2009 Diamond State Masters Regatta. The occasion marked the 80th anniversary of the founding of the School as well as its rowing program and the 19th anniversary of the regatta that John Schoonover '63 had co-founded. A boat was assembled from the 1960s. Schoonover, of course, was to cox. Once and future St. Andrew's oarsmen that began the long slog to prepare their bodies to go the 1,100 meters of the Noxontown Pond course included Ernie Cruikshank '62, George Shuster '63, Billy Paul '64, John Morton '65, Andy Parrish '66 and John Reeve '66. They were to be joined by two friends of the crew from Reeve's Princeton rowing experience. All members of the crew had significant college rowing experience (Penn, Princeton, Yale, George Washington and Trinity) and a few had Olympic and national team backgrounds. But, for all, that was a long time in the past.

George Shuster had stayed current with rowing over the years and had closets of medals to prove it. But for most, the memories of hearing a coxswain count down the seats in a winning surge had long faded. Andy Parrish was coaching rowing to schoolboys in Florida so he became the team's coach and technical guru. Shuster, one-time holder of an age-group world record on the indoor rowing “ergometer,” was the training mentor. And, it was to be the ergometer that would become a central part of the crew's effort to sweep away the physical cobwebs and get back into “rowing shape.” Easier said than done as we were to find out.

Rowing is one of the few sports in which competitors must condition their bodies to cross the “anaerobic threshold” (AT). The body's anaerobic metabolism



kicks in when its aerobic system can no longer keep up with the demand for energy—when it crosses the AT. At this point, the body starts to provide the needed energy by burning stored sugars for fuel, and producing lactic acid as a byproduct. As described by Concept 2, the designers of the ergometer, when lactic acid builds up in the body, “it causes discomfort like cramping and general distress.” Enough said.

The Diamond State Masters Regatta is traditionally held on the last Sunday in July and has become the largest masters regatta in the United States with around 1,300 rowers, both men and women, competing. In masters rowing, crews compete by age categories, typically in five-year increments. Our crew, nicknamed the “Noxontown Navy” was in the 60-65 year old group, the F level. We were to be joined at the Diamond State by several other St. Andrew’s boats, mostly younger, who somewhat wittily referred to us as the “F-Troop.”

The crew trained hard to prepare for the race, but had only the day before to practice as a unit as they assembled from locations spread between Massachusetts and Florida. We were joined by several other boats of St. Andrew’s alums who also answered Chesa’s call. On a brilliant sunny day with Noxontown Pond’s collection of Bald Eagles and Blue Herons as company, the Noxontown Navy sat on the stake boat with five other crews of similar vintage alongside. Driven by adrenaline and memories of how it was done back in the day, the crew burst from the start with impressive power at the command to “row” and shortly found itself in the lead by over half a boat-length. This margin was maintained for roughly 300 meters until reality began to assert itself. Training for rowing is not to be taken lightly. Arguably, only Shuster was still pulling effectively as the 500-meter mark for the race was passed. The rest of us were looking for some miracle to drag us over the anaerobic threshold. Pulling with increasingly short strokes, the Noxontown Navy finished second, well behind an eight from the Syracuse Chargers Rowing Club, but still ahead of the four other crews.

We had learned some valuable lessons. Yes, we still knew how to row and had reasonable strength, but we had a lot of ground to make up in terms of conditioning and relearning how to race. Coach Parrish and Ergmeister Shuster were upbeat. This was an experience to be put to good use. And, so it was resolved that not only would the Noxontown Navy race the following year at the Diamond State, we would begin a training program that would prepare us for a trip to England to row in the Henley Veterans Regatta that is held the week after the Henley Royal Regatta in early July. Coach Parrish set training goals for the ergometer. All oarsmen must be able to complete 5,000 meters within 21 minutes by the end of the year, a serious target for a crew whose average age in 2010 would be 64. The goal was set and each of the crew began their solitary training sessions interspersed with regular communications on how they were progressing. By the end of the year, all had achieved the target for 5,000 meters. We began to switch our ergometer workouts to focus more on interval training (250, 500 and 1,000 meter full power pieces with rests on the “paddle” in between).

Notably, the composition of the boat also changed. Gardner Cadwalader ’66 had rowed at Penn and Cambridge as well as on the U.S. Olympic Team in 1968 and at the Pan American Games in 1967 where he won gold. At the invitation of classmates Parrish and Reeve, Gardner committed to get into rowing shape for the trip to Henley. Also, Jud Burke, captain of the 1965 St. Andrew’s crew joined as the two-man. And, finally, John Parrish ’64, brother of Andy, agreed to join the crew as a spare. John had been severely wounded as an infantry officer in Viet Nam and his effort to get ready to row was a huge inspiration for the crew. Finally, Somerset Waters, classmate of Parrish and Cadwalader at Penn, also agreed to join the boat. The fraternity of rowing is a close one, and Reeve would later enjoy the irony of handing Somerset his St. Andrew’s racing shirt at Henley having done something similar a number of times back in the 1960s

following the then all too frequent victories of Penn over Princeton.

Preparation for the Henley trip and subsequent racing was done in close collaboration with the St. Andrew’s rowing program. In particular, Gordon Brownlee and Varsity Boys’ Crew Coach Lindsay Brown provided invaluable support. The Noxontown Navy felt it important to row with St. Andrew’s blades at Henley, so an arrangement was worked out for the crew to purchase an old set of oars from the School and take them with us. The School also provided an eight for the crew to train in as well as complete access to all of the Noxontown Pond rowing facilities.

It takes more than pulling on an ergometer to prepare a crew for racing. Two training sessions of three days each were scheduled at St. Andrew’s, the first to coincide with reunions in June and the second in early July, just before our departure to England. Coach Parrish was determined to make these sessions productive, even scheduling three practices a day to ensure that the crew had the maximum time on the water to begin to blend as a boat and learn some of the intricacies of a rowing style that had evolved somewhat since the 1960s. Although Billy Paul was unable to make the Henley trip, he was to join us for the later races in the United States so he participated in the Noxontown training sessions as well as John





(L-R: John Morton '65, Judd Burke '65, John Reeve '66, Ernie Cruikshank '62, Billy Paul '64, Andy Parrish '66 George Shuster '63, Gardner Cadwalader '66 and coxswain John Schoonover '63)

Parrish. Lindsay Brown spent a day on the water with the crew advising on technique and training exercises. Chuck Crawford, the very successful coach of the University of Delaware crew and close friend of coxswain Schoonover, also spent a session with the Noxontown Navy. One of the most valuable insights that Coach Chuck provided was on breathing technique during a race, a factor that had not received much attention back in the days of our youth but one that would prove highly useful as we prepared to go flat out for the 1,000 meters of masters rowing.

Andy Parrish had rowed a number of times at Henley and consequently had developed a close friendship with a local realtor who put us in touch with a couple who let out their home to visiting crews during the Henley Regatta weeks. "The Anchorage" on the banks of the Thames in Shiplake, only three miles downstream from Henley, was to become the crew's headquarters for a week, and our hosts, Joanne and Duncan Gray, proved to be more than hospitable. Several wives and girlfriends also joined the crew at the Anchorage and a very convivial time was had by all.

The Noxontown Navy chose to enter two events, the F-level in which we would row against crews of a similar vintage and the E-level for crews in the 55-60 year old bracket. Our hosts for the rowing were the Upper Thames Rowing

Club, and they also provided excellent hospitality. We had arranged to lease an eight from Jesus College of Cambridge University and were able to store it in a very favored position adjacent to the Upper Thames boathouse. The course at Henley is only wide enough for two shells to race at a time. It is a coxswain's nightmare with log booms on the outside for the length of the course and only a scant eight feet or so between the sweeps of the two shells. Steering straight is a must. Cox "Schoonie" mastered this feat with aplomb.

Our first race was in the semifinals of the E-level against a 55-year old crew from Christchurch Rowing Club. We went down the course in a virtual dead heat all the way. Neither boat was able to achieve any discernible advantage. At the conclusion, there was dead silence from the finish judges as they bent over the video for what seemed to be an eternity. Finally, it was judged that Christchurch had won by a foot.

We raced again the next morning in the F-level semis against Wallingford Rowing Club, one of the largest UK rowing clubs from a town close to Henley. This was an experienced crew and they gradually built a lead of close to a length before the Noxontown Navy closed it to three-quarters of a boat length with a solid finishing sprint. Despite the disappointing losses, we felt that we had raced well against good competition and that we could still

improve. We had only two weeks until the Diamond State Masters Regatta on Noxontown Pond so we set ourselves short term goals for strength and endurance improvement on the ergs as well as shedding a few more pounds to get down to racing weights that at least made some pretense of approaching what we had raced at in our early twenties. Over the course of our training, the average weight loss for the crew was 15 pounds per man, not a bad bonus for our efforts on the ergometer. Billy Paul replaced Somerset Waters in the boat for the Diamond State and Billy would fill the five-seat for the rest of the 2010 racing season. The Noxontown Navy was now an entirely St. Andrew's boat.

There were eight crews entered in the Diamond State in the E and F categories, three at the F-level and five E-boats. It was determined that the Noxontown Navy would race against the two other F-level boats that included the previous year's winner, Syracuse, and that an overall trophy would be awarded for both categories based on race times. As in the previous year's race, we burst quickly from the stake boat and gained a lead over the two other crews. Before the 500-meter point, Syracuse called for a power ten to close the gap, no doubt trusting that the St. Andrew's boat would fold as we had the previous year. However, this time we maintained our margin and then built on it with a

matching power ten and began to widen the lead to open water with a strong closing sprint as Stroke Cadwalader raised the rating in successive tens over the last 300 meters, finishing at a 38. The winning margin was one and a half lengths. Furthermore, our time was faster than the winner of the E-Level race, so St. Andrew's took away the trophy for the combined E- and F-Level races as well.

Encouraged by our improvement, the boat decided to enter the U.S. Masters National Championships that would be held on the Cooper River course in Camden, N.J., in mid-August. We were entered in a five-boat final that included our old foe Syracuse as well as a number of other major rowing clubs. On race day, George Shuster informed us that the Syracuse boat bore little resemblance to the crew that we had raced a few weeks before. Apparently, they had replaced seven of their eight rowers with "friends"—a "Rolodex crew" as one masters rowing veteran aptly described them. Racing into a stiff headwind, we were not able to keep up with the reengineered Syracuse boat but pulled away from the rest of the field with another strong closing sprint to win the silver medal.

A fine celebratory dinner was held at the Cadwalader's home in Philadelphia, and, after perhaps a few too many glasses of wine, the crew decided to have a go at the Head of the Charles Regatta in Cambridge, Mass.—the largest rowing event in the world with almost 9,000 participants. At a distance of three miles, the "head" race is a very different event than the 1,000 meter sprints that we had rowed up until then. Preparation on the ergometers shifted to longer power pieces of 5,000 meters at a lower stroke rate. On a cool late October morning with a brisk headwind, the St. Andrew's Alumni Rowing Association took to the Charles along with 41 other eights from around the world in the senior masters division. We would be competing in the ten-boat field of the "Grand Masters" category for crews averaging over 60 years of age. The view at the start next to the Boston University Boathouse was spectacular as the 42 eights positioned themselves for their appointed times

to go singly over the start line, hoping to catch the crew ahead of them and stay well ahead of any boats starting behind them. An outstanding group of St. Andrew's supporters cheered us on as our St. Andrew's blades flashed under the number of bridges that mark the course. We rowed well, coming in fifth with three of the eights ahead of us being ex-national team boats from Australia and the United Kingdom. We also had the distinction of finishing ahead of the "Alte Achter," the U.S. silver medalists from the Munich Olympic Games.

So that was to be the end of our year of rowing renewal. Now we are planning on another successful campaign in 2011 and looking forward to being joined by the ever-expanding contingent of St. Andrew's alumni rowers. There are a few lessons that can be taken away from the Noxontown Navy's experience:

1. Rowing is a great exercise—at any age. For those who may have witnessed the rather painful appearance of the F-Boat getting into and out of our racing shell given the sorry state of a number of knees and hips, those aches and pains go away once you are on the water—rowing is much easier on the body than running, for example.
2. Preparation is critical. Rowing is not to be taken lightly but once you put the effort in, the rewards are huge. A solid work-out on the ergometer need take only 20 to 25 minutes.
3. Goals are important. The incentive of preparing to race provides strong

motivation to do the hard training necessary to compete at a high level again.

4. The fellowship of St. Andrew's rowing is unparalleled. The School generously provided us with the equipment to train in, boathouse facilities and dorm rooms for our training camps, Lindsay Brown's coaching, and the fully committed support of both faculty and staff.
5. The friendships of rowing are for a lifetime. All of the members of the Noxontown Navy got a tremendous kick out of rowing with past classmates, revered Upper Formers, and, yes, perhaps somewhat pushy Underformers. All was leveled when once in the boat for rowing is the supreme team sport. And, these friendships extend beyond the boat to all those others involved in St. Andrew's alumni rowing, from Bill Brownlee '44 on down.
6. Masters rowing is particularly attractive for the over 60 bracket. With most of us having paid the last college tuition and with enough experience in professional life to be able to take a trip to Henley, those dreams of college days can be relived.

In conclusion, the members of the Noxontown Navy thank the School for providing us with the means and motivation for what has been a truly excellent adventure. The experience demonstrates how St. Andrew's can continue to be a key part of its students' lives many years after graduation. ■



**M**uch is expected of seniors at St. Andrew's. They are called on to do no less than lead the School in every facet of its daily life.

From supervising dorms to sparking discussions at family style meals, seniors set the tone for the entire school. As in many years before, this fall has been a lesson in all that is good at St. Andrew's and the community has no single group to thank more than the senior class.

So who are these 71 teenagers that have joined together to steward the School through the 2010-2011 school year? To help us find out, we asked them all a simple question: "*What did you do this summer?*" Each answer standing alone intrigued us, but together they painted a wonderfully diverse picture of a distinctly St. Andrew's class that lives with purpose, pursues their passions and challenges themselves in unique and interesting ways.

We present to you the lively St. Andrew's Class of 2011.





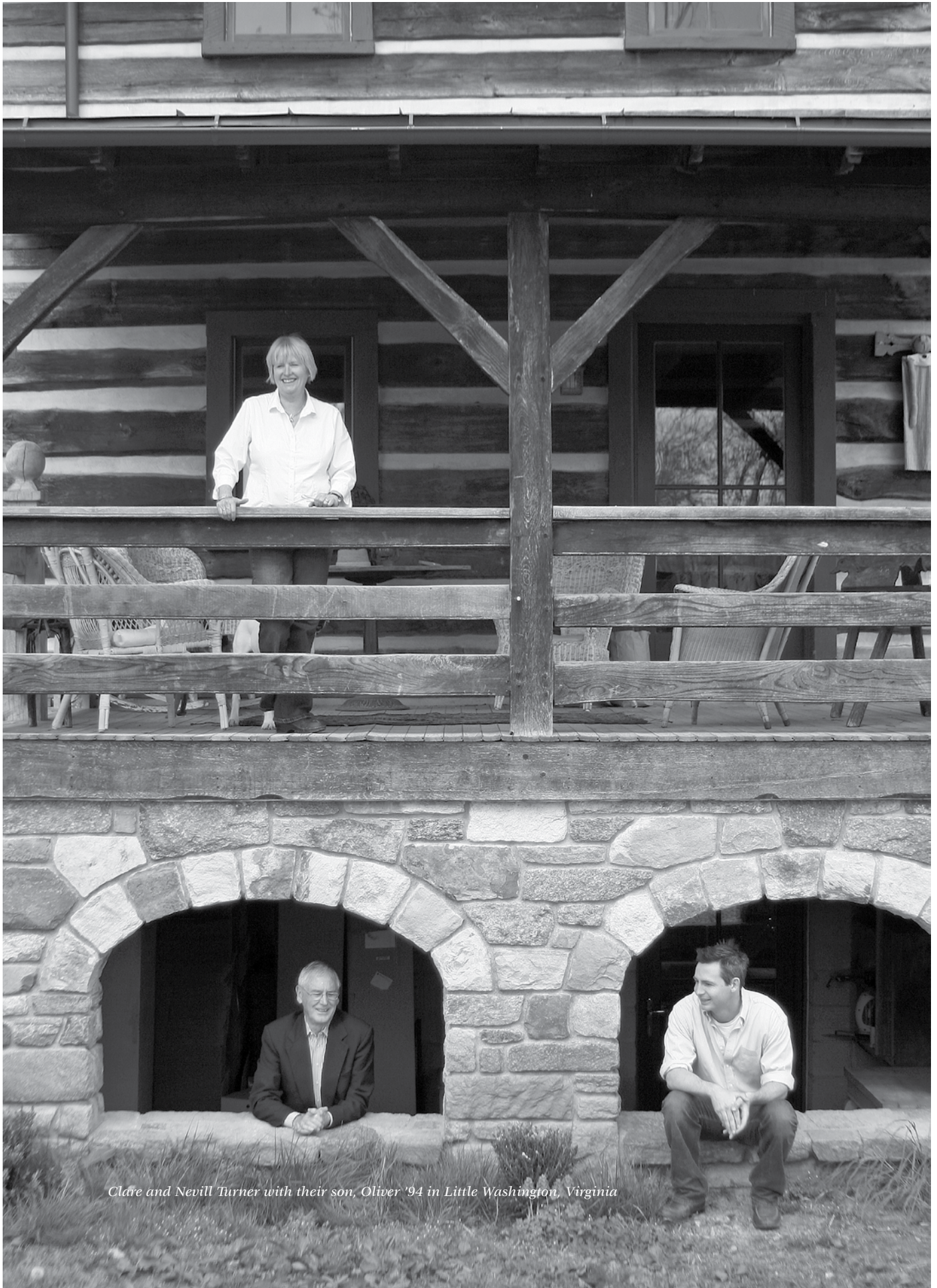
- 1 **Sarah Amos** toured the country with the Bob Amos Band, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
- 2 **Ali Antoine** interned at the Mental Health Association of New York City, New York, N.Y.
- 3 **Omololu Babatunde** volunteered at Delaware Read Aloud, Wilmington, Del.
- 4 **Marcus Bailey** volunteered at St. Mark's College with fellow St. Andreans, Polokwane, South Africa
- 5 **Bruno Baretta** interned at the Essex County Prosecutor's Office, Newark, N.J.
- 6 **Liza Bayless** taught in a Summer Scholars classroom and volunteered as an art teacher and coach at Girls Inc., Denver, Colo.
- 7 **Madison Beres** worked, learned and played with children at St. Mark's College, Polokwane, South Africa
- 8 **Forrest Brown** counseled rising 9th graders at Camp Dudley, Westport, N.Y.
- 9 **Ella Cahill** interned at the Institute for International Education, New York, N.Y.
- 10 **Maya Cave** worked as a counselor at a camp for struggling teens, Phoenix, Ariz.
- 11 **Allanah Chen** spent time at home with her family, Kingston, Jamaica
- 12 **John Cochran** worked three jobs, including picking corn at Filasky's Farm at 5:00 a.m., Middletown, Del.
- 13 **Sean Crowley** led "Lawns by Sean" for the seventh summer in a row, Middletown, Del.
- 14 **Elizabeth Dalrymple** studied creative writing and photography at the Savannah College of Art and Design, Savannah, Ga.
- 15 **Adrienne Fernandez** studied with the National Security Language Initiative scholarship program, Shanghai, China
- 16 **Amanda Gahagan** volunteered at the Boys & Girls Club, Brandon, Vt.
- 17 **Erin Gerrity** taught crew at a summer camp for girls ages 12-16, Fairlee, Vt.
- 18 **Austin Glessner** caught a 30 lb. King Salmon, Ketchikan, Alaska

- 19 **Henrietta Goelet** worked in the fashion department of a PR company, London, England
- 20 **Arthur Gosnell** interned at the City Bar Justice Center, New York, N.Y.
- 21 **Meagan Green** studied with the National Security Language Initiative scholarship program, Anshan, China
- 22 **Nick Grunden** planted a coral nursery with the Coral Restoration Foundation, Key Largo, Fla.
- 23 **Frannie Gurzenda** found a knack for desserts while working as a prep cook at a café, Donegal, Pa.
- 24 **Jack Hain** trained for the cross country season near Lake Glendille, Jackson County, N.C.
- 25 **Tony Harding** attended bagpipe camp, East Stroudsburg, Pa.
- 26 **Claudia Heath** volunteered with Lose the Training Wheels helping teach autistic children how to ride a bike, Charlotte, N.C.
- 27 **John Hennessy** attended wrestling camp at Southern Oregon University, Ashland, Ore.
- 28 **Chae Jeon** hiked the Gyeryong Mountain with his dad, Hoseo, South Korea
- 29 **Alice Johnson** taught kids how to garden and cook with the non-profit Recipe for Success, Houston, Texas
- 30 **Peter Kang** taught English to elementary school kids, Seoul, South Korea
- 31 **Kristina Kassis** volunteered at a center for Palestinian refugee children, Aleppo, Syria
- 32 **Katie Keating** lifeguarded at Hood College Pool, Frederick, Md.
- 33 **Sarah Kemer** maintained the school's organic garden, Middletown, Del.
- 34 **Sam Lee** bused tables at a restaurant, Toledo, Ohio
- 35 **Robert Lee** worked as a member of Open Doctors Society, Seoul, South Korea





- 36 **Andrew Leem** volunteered at a temple teaching Korean to foreign children, Kyunggi-Do, South Korea
- 37 **Aurora Leibold** played games and sang with kids at St. Mark's College, Polokwane, South Africa
- 38 **Nancy Lilly** taught karate to brown and white belts, Gypsum, Colo.
- 39 **Anna Lim** interned at non-profit Martha's Table providing childcare and after school programs for families, Washington, D.C.
- 40 **Margeaux Lopez** worked at 2 Dips Ice Cream Shop, Lewes, Del.
- 41 **Carter Lovejoy** served as a YMCA camp counselor, New Canann, Conn.
- 42 **Alex Lynch** captained Team U.S.A. at Junior Euro Cup, St. Andrew's, Scotland
- 43 **Sophia Maguire** danced with the American Ballet Theater Summer Intensive, Hamilton, Bermuda
- 44 **Charlotte Mara** studied human rights at the New Jersey Scholars Program, Lawrenceville, N.J.
- 45 **Charlie Martin** studied filmmaking at UNC School of the Arts, Winston-Salem, N.C.
- 46 **Alex Matthers** studied biotechnology at Worcester Polytechnical Institute, Worcester, Mass.
- 47 **Cam McDonald** traveled with Edge Lacrosse USA, Baltimore, Md.
- 48 **James McElhiney** taught tennis at SUNY Purchase, Purchase, N.Y.
- 49 **Henry Mellon** climbed a 13,000 ft. peak with NOLS, Wind River Valley, Wyo.
- 50 **James Metcalf** rowed with Penn AC winning the US Club Nationals, Philadelphia, Pa.
- 51 **Peter Mihalcik** pulled four people from the water as a beach lifeguard, Spring Lake, N.J.
- 52 **Grace Mott** stood on the Cape of Good Hope, Capetown, South Africa
- 53 **Mackenzie Peet** attended the Delaware Interscholastic Athletic Association leadership conference, Lewes, Del.
- 54 **Marco Peghini** studied business at Bocconi University, Milan, Italy
- 55 **Jameson Pesce** raced with the Carnegie Lake Rowing Association masters crew club, Princeton, N.J.
- 56 **Will Plautz** ran 50 miles a week and waited tables at the Penguin Diner, Bethany Beach, Del.
- 57 **Isha Rajput** interned for State Senate candidate Gustavo Rivera, Albany, N.Y.
- 58 **Will Rehrig** hiked and climbed on Mount Desert Island, Bar Harbor, Maine
- 59 **Chris Reisene** studied in a language immersion program, Cuernavaca, Mexico
- 60 **Dheuris Rodriguez** worked at a daycare and served as an unofficial translator for Spanish-speaking kids, Bronx, N.Y.
- 61 **Georgina Rupp** interned at the Children's Storefront Independent School, Harlem, N.Y.
- 62 **Matt Scapardine** taught vacation bible school, Metuchen, N.J.
- 62 **Courtney Scott** helped ex-offenders look for jobs with Turning the Tide, Philadelphia, Pa.
- 64 **Daniel Simons** worked at the Canadian Red Cross in Nanaimo, British Columbia, Canada
- 65 **Crawford Smith** spent time with her grandparents, Charleston, S.C.
- 66 **Charlotte Taylor** worked as a beach lifeguard, Cape May Point, N.J.
- 67 **Whiting Tennis** explored the great outdoors, Pacific Northwest
- 64 **Anh Ha Ton** served on the organizing committee for the 2010 VietAbroad Business Conference 2010, Hanoi, Vietnam
- 69 **Nick Watson** taught in the NJ SEEDS program, Middletown, Del.
- 70 **Jerome Wright** advised kids in Prep 9 program, New York, N.Y.
- 71 **Kervin Zamora** played with kids as a volunteer in a homeless shelter, Alexandria, Va.



*Clare and Nevill Turner with their son, Oliver '94 in Little Washington, Virginia*



# “Good Guests Bring Wine and Chutney!”

## FAMILY, BUSINESS AND THE AMERICAN DREAM

How would you like to go all in on chutney? I'm not talking about lunch; I'm talking about a career. As in, full time, all savings, hopes, dreams—pin it on this condiment. It could be great! Be your own boss, work with your family, build something from the ground up.

Obviously, it could also be a disaster. And if you're one of the 80 percent of Americans who have no idea what chutney is, you can imagine why.

The Virginia Chutney story is a thoroughly American tale, so we'll begin with our pilgrims landing. The Turners arrived in Virginia in 1981. England, with its rigid social strata and stifling reverence for its own ways, made Clare and Nevill—energetic, curious explorers—feel like misfits. After many years spent working in the Caribbean, they chose Virginia as their new home (over runner-up New Zealand) on the advice of a book. The book, whose title is now forgotten, said that the Mid-Atlantic East Coast of America was the best spot in the world for two things: entrepreneurship and education. Their sons, Oliver '94 and Christopher '97, were then five and two years old.

For the Turners, America was, as it has been for so many immigrant families, fertile ground. Enterprise commenced within a week of their arrival, and thereafter the Turners took a swing at one industry after another: real estate, antique dealing, education, assisted living for seniors, landscaping, non-profit, telecommunications, invention, and ultimately Chutney.

### The Scene Opens: Any Given Whole Foods

Oliver Turner, age 34, in apron and cap, is handing out samples of chutney on cheese and a cracker to Whole Foods patrons.

A customer approaches.

Woman: *“Do you have anything that isn't spicy?”*

Oliver: *“Mango, there's no heat in that. Would you like to try one?”* He offers her a sample.

Woman: *“Because I don't like spicy...”*

Oliver: *“No, it's got a little lime juice and some ginger, but it's not spicy.”* She slowly accepts the sample and eats it.

Woman: *“Hmmm. It's sweet.”* She walks away.

A customer approaches. It is a man, talking on a cell phone. He pauses near the table and holds out a hand, into which Oliver places a sample. The man stuffs it into his mouth between words and walks away.

A customer approaches. It is a woman, holding the hand of a small boy.



Mother: "Would you like to try some jam, Jeremy?" Jeremy nods.

Oliver: "This is actually chutney. It isn't as sweet, usually kids don't like it."

Mother: "Oh, Jeremy has a very sophisticated palette. He enjoys all kinds of things."

Oliver hands her a thin slice of cheese on a cracker, topped with a tiny dollop of Cranberry chutney.

Mother: "Here, Jeremy, open." Jeremy opens his mouth, into which the sample is inserted. His face makes a hesitant, circular movement, and then his small jaw drops, his tongue unfurls, and the perfectly formed hors d'oeuvre falls from his mouth to the floor, with an audible plop.

Oliver, sotto voce: "Oh, Jesus."

Mother: "Oh, was that yucky, Jeremy? Yucky!" They walk away.

A customer approaches.

Man: "What is choot-ney?"

The scene closes.

Agonizing, isn't it?

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**Meet The Turners**

The Turners are entrepreneurs through and through. They have each conceived of a new product, project or letter to the editor before breakfast, and it never stops.

Oliver has two patents and 500 prototypes of a steel-reinforced tubular pillow called a "Snuggle-Ease" in his garage. He is preternaturally aware of his surroundings, and responsible for perhaps 35 percent of all Wikipedia queries. I have it on excellent authority that his high school bon mots are used to warm up the crowd at academic conferences by Will Speers. He is the engine that powers Virginia Chutney, both tyrant and cheerleader.

Clare, 62, got her degree in anthropology in 2000 and helped found and run Loudoun Families for Children, an organization which provides short-term emergency foster care for children in crisis. After conceiving of and founding the Virginia Chutney Company, she now serves both as its president and as executive director of a non-profit that provides mentors for children in Rappahannock County. Her genuine interest in people is such that within minutes of meeting her, strangers are moved to confess that they have just discovered that their spouse

is having an affair, or they are going bankrupt.

Nevill is a Cambridge man and has in his day built and managed a marina, two restaurants, six assisted living facilities and an allergy-free retailer, and now serves as CFO of Virginia Chutney. At 74, Nevill still competes in his annual 10K. His life's adventures would make for a spectacular novel (if you have a chance, ask him about leg-wrestling with Jerry Hall in Mustique, that's a good one.)

Chris Turner possesses the same intense energy and curiosity, but instead of juggling multiple projects he has applied himself toward the single goal of becoming a pediatric surgeon. That career has taken him to Boston, where he currently is completing a research fellowship in fetal tissue engineering at Children's Hospital Boston. I won't embarrass him here by going on about his success, but I'll give you a hint: as of this writing, he is currently at a medical conference in Tokyo, presenting the paper that won him the first place Travel Award for International Fetal Medicine and Surgery Society (which, *domo arigato*, paid for his week in Japan). In his free time he repairs antique watches, brews his own hard cider and builds wood furniture designed in accordance with the Golden Ratio.

There is something hallowed about the idea of a "family business," but as a business model it's very tricky. If you ask Oliver, Clare or Nevill what the best part of working at the Virginia Chutney Co. is, each say it's working with their family. And the worst part? Working with their family. "Imagine helping your parents attach a photo to their email every day," Oliver says, laughing. "I'm not particularly techy, but in the land of the blind, the one-eyed man is king." The thousand niceties that maintain civility at the average corporate office are largely absent at Chutney HQ. Which does save a lot of time, actually.

My own professional background includes stints on a WWII submarine in San Francisco, at a Virginia-based non-profit, at a New York concierge firm, as first mate on a catamaran, and earning the occasional two-digit check from the

freelance writing stylings you are now being subjected to. Suffice it to say, I knew nothing about business before joining the Virginia Chutney Company.

Fourteen months on, however, I'm fairly certain that I know almost everything there is to know about business.

Does that sound unlikely? Sure it does. And of course, if presented with MBA-related acronyms or indexes, I wouldn't convince anyone. But 14 months of life in a real, non-tech start up, in America in 2010, has opened my eyes to a lot of issues that baffled me before.

Here's a partial list:

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**1. The Financial Crisis and Market Bubbles**

Right now, it's impossible to get lending from any bank within 100 miles. So financing the five-month lag time between when we need to pay for ingredients to make our chutney and when our customers pay us for our chutney requires Nevill to perform financial back-handsprings that would impress the Swiss. Now, consider this example of the sort of numerical conundrum we encounter daily at Chutney Headquarters. To make it easy, I'll make it a word AND multiple choice problem.

Q: Chutney would like to give away a 1/2 pallet of our new 1.5-ounce jars of chutney as free samples. Should that chutney be valued at:

- a) the retail price of the chutney,
  - b) the wholesale price of the chutney, or
  - c) what it cost to make the chutney?
- (Hint: Do not forget to factor in the cost of delivering the chutney.)

A: Depending on whether we value it at retail price, whole sale price, or what it costs to produce, the spreadsheets will tilt alarmingly, Quickbooks will refuse to compute and lock up, and Nevill and Oliver will start ululating like Arabian grannies at a really terrific funeral. We either pop champagne and take turns running down a high-five gauntlet, or weep quietly into bowls of soup made from fallen leaves.

While chutney has the advantage of having a niche, even this little corner of the market has competition. In fact, for the past year, chutney has been sailing into the teeth of a ferocious food trend; behold the Fig bubble.

Financial bubbles are products of human nature, and the food industry has them too. (For example, in 2008, Japan experienced a fad diet that stripped supermarket shelves bare of bananas for months—Dole Japan increased imports by 25 percent and still couldn't keep up with demand.) Our market nemesis is the Dalmatian Fig Spread. It's just a sweet jam, really, but I think the American public must take it home and bathe their pets in it, at the rate they buy it. Oliver lies awake at night fantasizing about creeping into their warehouse and planting a human finger inside one of their jars. He says he's willing to use one of his own.

In fact, loathing figs is one of the Top 10 Signs You're Too Close To Chutney.

I myself am waiting eagerly for signs that the fig bubble is ready to pop. People who have heavily invested in questionable fig products—even in dried out old figs and figs imported from other countries—will lose their shirts, it's true. And that will be a difficult but necessary market readjustment. When the overheated fig market collapses, people will realize the necessity of diversifying their cheese plate, and I think we'll see a healthy growth in industries like honey, fruit paste, and of course, chutney.

That being said, our Balsamic Fig Chutney comes out in November.

## 2. The Obesity Epidemic

This qualifies as a business topic because in America, obesity is big business. Just ask the diet industry, the health care industry or the people who measure American productivity; according to a 2007 study conducted by Duke University, the average workers' compensation medical claims cost per 100 employees was \$51,019 for obese workers and \$7,503 for non-obese workers.

A couple of months ago, four men in the food business came to a lunch meeting at the Turners. All four were "fat as butter" as Clare would say, but



she served the typical summer lunch we all share mid-day at Chutney: fresh sliced tomatoes in olive oil and basil, a wedge of Vermont cheddar, a loaf of good fresh bread warmed in the oven, a small bowl of olives, chutney, of course, and slices of watermelon. The table was set per usual with cloth napkins, knives and forks, and glasses of ice water.

The four food industry professionals reacted as though they had just disembarked in Sicily. "Do you eat this every day? This is the best meal I've had in months. Truly. Did you grow these tomatoes? Incredible. What's the sauce? Just olive oil? Unbelievable. And you put the chutney on a slice of cheese like this? But it's not like a sandwich—what is that, like an open-face sandwich?"

They had genuine trouble understanding how the most simple meal had been assembled—these men whose careers are food. And they're not alone. Hardly anyone knows how to cook or has the time to spend cooking. One of our most popular recipe cards describes, step by step, how to assemble chutney with a piece of cheese on a slice of bread.

Having been on the inside of the food industry for the past 14 months, I can't entirely blame America for its bizarre culinary amnesia. There's the supermarket—and then there's the "super food" marketing. Our sharkish American commercial instincts have transformed every "food" into a "product," to be advertised, packaged, placed, promoted, discounted and of course, profited on. From my own



hours spent handing out samples in the grocery aisle, I can tell you that grocery shoppers are either clueless and intimidated, or over-informed in all the wrong ways (“do you have any chutneys sweetened with agave?”).

But don't judge too harshly if you see our New! Bio-Organic Goji Berry Chutney in a squeeze tube next year. (10% of proceeds could go toward saving fetal pandas?)

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### 3. The American Dream

What I find rewarding about working at Virginia Chutney is that the Turners are really living what I consider an authentic version of the “American Dream.” It's an idea that is a defining characteristic of our national identity, and yet it's fashionable to declare

the American Dream dead. A late September poll found that 43 percent of respondents said the idea of “if you work hard, you'll get ahead” once held true but no longer does. And when the American Dream isn't being handed a shovel and told to dig its own grave, it's being painted as something saccharine and cartoonish with overly precious human-interest stories—degraded from founding inspiration to trite cliché.

But with Virginia Chutney, the Turners are really building something from scratch. Hard work is certainly the foundation, but important tax breaks and community support are crucial elements as well. The Virginia Chutney Company is becoming a success, but certainly not an overnight success. I think the idea of success in America

has become too tied in with television and notoriety. My vision of the real American Dream isn't about being struck with a cosmic bolt of good luck in the form of winning the lottery or having Oprah buy you A NEW CAR. It's being allowed to steer your own course and craft your own identity. It's here with this family business, where truly hard work is being translated into something valuable and lasting.

All four Turners have just become American citizens in the past three months. Sitting on their porch at tea time after a hard day, watching hay be baled in the next field while the chickens scold each other, talking about Chris's latest adventure in surgery or how the fifth grader that Clare and Nevill mentor has a girlfriend, you can't be in the least sarcastic about it—the American Dream is alive and well here. And it's delicious on cheese.

And finally:

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### 4. How to Succeed In Business

It all comes down to relationships.

The biggest factor in successful relationships is honesty, which is the Turner stock in trade. “Some people say that you always have to believe that your product is the best in the world, but I think that's ludicrous,” says Clare. “We knew nothing about the specialty food business, and we always admitted that and asked questions.” Chicanery might get you somewhere, but sincerity will get you there and let you stay.

As a child, then a teenager, and even as a young adult, I imagined that proper adults—professional adults—had everything figured out. Of course now I realize that none of us emperors have any clothes—we're all just learning, always. What surprises me is that so many people seem to believe that they still need to look the part and have all the answers. So they try to fake expertise, or at least an air of expertise. But I think most of us can tell, on some level, when someone is slick or putting a spin on things. And we don't like it. People have been made almost cynical by 24 hour, 360-degree advertising, and in its six-year history Virginia Chutney has only advertised once—to confirm that it was futile and ineffective. It was. Instead, the Turner approach has

always been to get people to try the chutney, and then ask “Do you like it?” Without the cloying flavor of flim-flam, people can discover for themselves that the chutney is delicious.

**Interested In Starting Your Own Business?**

“Write a business plan, pay anything reasonable for advice from outside consultants, and be prepared to lose \$100,000 in the first two years,” Nevill advises. “Also: don’t do it.” I wouldn’t take that too seriously, though. These days Nevill is full of the familiar glee, rushing from breakfast meeting to lunch meeting, about to start-up the Piedmont Cannery, a new community cannery in Rappahannock County. It will be an ideal partnership for Virginia Chutney, and several local farms looking to add value to their organic fruit harvests.

Clare and Oliver were business neophytes when Virginia Chutney was launched, and today they laugh at their remembered naïveté. Looking back over the past six years, they say they’re amazed that it’s been so hard and took so long just to get where they are today. The company, despite major national accounts, much favorable press coverage and a yearly doubling of sales, remains, in business terms, in its infancy.

The toll of self-employment on emotional and mental health can be huge, especially when your colleagues are your family members, and your office is in your home—there is no escape from work. Cash flow is a constant problem, since chutney paradoxically requires more and more money to keep up with its growth. Clare and Nevill can find working with their spouse very stressful at times. And the emotional connection to the business is so great that nerves can be easily frayed, and passion can quickly be transformed into the urgent need to pitch a jar of chutney at your beloved colleague’s insolent forehead.

In fact, Clare, Nevill and Oliver are the last people to consider themselves examples of successful entrepreneurship. They’ve seen enough of both success and failure in their various ventures to eliminate any ego. Despite the inherent uncertainties,

though, they never wanted to live their lives any other way.

They say that’s partly because the freedom they enjoy is beyond value. Oliver was once professionally evaluated and told, after two days of testing, not to pursue a single job that required his full attention from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., five days a week. “Freedom, and the excitement of every day being different, that’s the best thing,” he says. (I have a half-baked personal theory that the lives of quiet first-world desperation many of us lead—where every need is met but those of our pioneer hearts—are part of the reason behind America’s obesity, gun fetishism, obsession with reality TV fame and other dismal hobbies.)

“I think it’s impossible to conceive of such a life if you’ve never been in it,” Clare says. “But in all my life I’ve never been good at focusing on just one thing without getting bored. Here, we get up in the morning and start work and do nothing but chutney and before I know it, it’s 8:00 p.m. And I’m never bored, not for one minute.”

And that may be my favorite thing about working in a small start-up business: the total absence of

monotony. How many of us have jobs where we almost never look at a clock?

To revise my previous statement, I suppose what I mean is not that I know everything about business, but that I know everything important about business. And to qualify that further, not all business—maybe nothing Trump would ever be interested in acquiring—but about the kind of business that I imagine was in the hearts of the Americans who stepped ashore about 400 years ago, and who cross oceans and borders to be here today. So in summary, when launching your own risky specialty food venture, be open-minded and unafraid, tireless and patient. Be authentic and sincere. Be supportive of your family, and of your own wild hopes.

Also, be friendly on the phone. That’s major. ■

*ABIGAIL DeLASHMUTT '00 lives in Virginia, where she writes, eats, sleeps and talks chutney.*

**Crostini with Goat Cheese, Arugula and Spicy Plum Chutney**

- 1 Small Baguette
- Olive Oil
- 1 six ounce log of soft goat cheese
- Arugula
- Spicy Plum Chutney

Preheat the oven to 400°.

Cut the baguette into ½ inch thick slices, and brush with a bit of olive oil. Toast in the oven for about 6 minutes, until golden brown.

Once the baguette slices have cooled slightly, spread each slice with one tablespoon goat cheese, 3-4 arugula leaves, and 1-2 teaspoons of Spicy Plum Chutney.



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# UBUNTU

*The Essence of Being Human*

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Every two years, Joleen and Mike Hyde offer the St. Andrew's community an opportunity to immerse themselves in Joleen's home country of South Africa. For 13 days in the Summer of 2010, 18 eager St. Andrew's students, four faculty members, one emeritus faculty chaplain, and two faculty wives seized the opportunity and journeyed 8,000 miles across the Atlantic Ocean and three continents to the edge of the southern most land mass before Antarctica. No article could do justice to the experiences we had and the impact those experiences had on our lives. What follows is an attempt to give you a sense of the wonder and awe we felt as we confronted one of the world's newest democracies peopled with citizens of faith, hope and reconciliation. ►



*by The Reverend David DeSalvo  
Photos by Joe Seiler '10*



Toward the end of our trip to South Africa, my wife Mary and I, together with former St. Andrew's Chaplain Carl Kunz and his wife Carol, had dinner with Bishop Anthony Mdlletshe, former Bishop of Zululand, now serving at St. George's Cathedral in Cape Town. Bishop Mdlletshe mentioned that retired Archbishop Desmond Tutu would be celebrating Holy Communion in a side chapel at the cathedral at 7:15 a.m. on Friday. We spread the word to St. Andrew's students who rose before dawn to attend the service on our last day in Cape Town.

We were drawn to the diminutive Bishop Tutu as soon as he emerged from his car outside of the Cathedral. He was predictably warm and gentle; a truly spiritual human being. He welcomed us with open arms, shook our hands and blessed us for making the long journey to his country consistent with our tradition of faith and learning. He talked to us about "Ubuntu": the essence of being human. Ubuntu speaks particularly about the fact that you can't exist as a human being in isolation. It speaks about the interconnectedness of humanity.

You can't be human all by yourself and when you have this quality—Ubuntu—you are known for your generosity. It was in that generosity of spirit and thankfulness that we had

been thriving for almost two weeks and that which we were committed to give when we returned home.

#### **July 18, Johannesburg.**

We land in Johannesburg after the day-long trip from Middletown, Del., via New York City and travel to the Apartheid Museum on a bus used to transport soccer players during the recent World Cup games. We are immediately immersed in the museum's palpable and mystical spirit. The history of apartheid in South Africa, and the decades of mistreatment

of non-whites, is compelling, deeply sad and shameful to South Africans, most especially the white population. So many crosses to bear by so many people, and yet the "non-white" majority actively seeks reconciliation. We are all interconnected and to do harm to another is to do harm to yourself.

It was the fear of retaliation that helped stall transition to majority rule more than a decade ago now. Powerful white minorities feared the militant wing of the non-white majority would seek vengeance against their former oppressors once they ceded control. That has not happened. South Africa operates in a spirit of hope that all people will embrace the rainbow approach to government for the people and by the people. Moreover, they want to spread this spirit to other nations, especially in Africa, the Middle East, Northern Ireland and all places where oppressed majorities strive to gain basic human rights, a sense of dignity and the freedom to think and speak openly about their beliefs without fear.

The spirit continues to our next destination of Soweto. The South Western Township sits within one of the country's many mining regions and has a long and inspiring history

## **Returning Home**

*By Joleen Hyde*

Returning to Cape Town, it is wonderful to look around and to see that the favorite slogan of the new South Africa—a "Rainbow Nation" of races striving together for prosperity—is becoming a reality.

Blacks and whites mingle in so many areas that were not open to non-whites during apartheid. Places like restaurants, parks and shopping malls are enjoyed by all today.

It has been 16 years since Nelson Mandela won the first democratic elections in South Africa. We are finally, finally closing the book on South Africa's shame—four decades of white apartheid rule. I believe South Africa has grown under the leadership of a humble, wise and forgiving man, but there is still so much work to be done. There are many that live in conditions that are inhumane and we, as fellow South Africans, need to work together to bridge the gap between "the haves and the have nots." Despite the fact that I am blessed to live in America, I still feel it is my obligation to do the little that I do and that is why I offer these trips every two years. If I can get students, who are our future leaders of tomorrow, to fall in love with South Africa, maybe they will be moved to lend a helping hand.

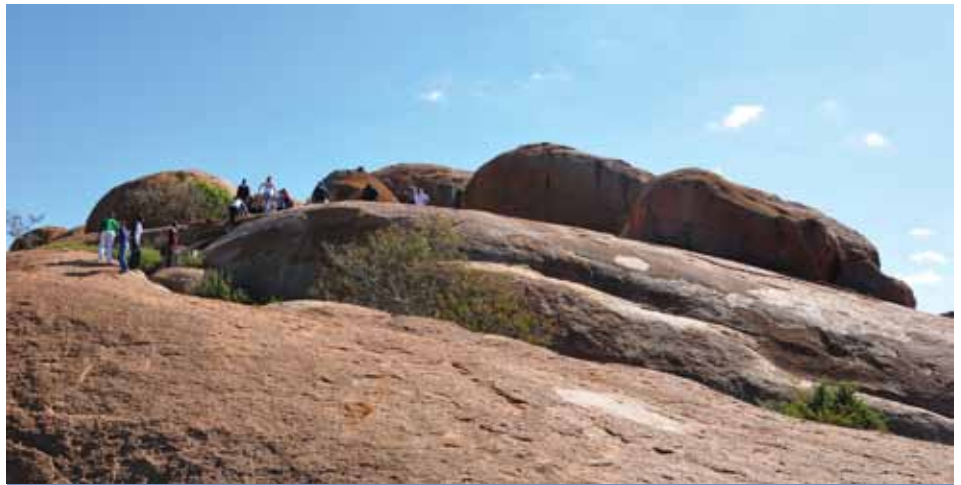


of struggle against apartheid. It will be brief, but our leader Joleen Hyde knows it is important for us to visit. Soweto is one of the poorest townships in South Africa, but the people exude a rare happiness. Children laugh and hug, playing simple games together among shanties constructed of old billboards and anything that could serve as a wall. We enjoy a traditional South African Sunday meal in a family café before pushing on for several hours to Lesedi for our first overnight stay.

In Lesedi we split into small groups and sleep in round huts made of mud walls and thatched roofs. We are offered a snack of dried worms and most of us accept graciously. The villagers teach us how to build floors and roads with cow dung, beckon us to dance around a sacred fire and teach us to offer greetings in several African dialects: “Baie Dankie” is Afrikaans for “thank you”; “Mholo” means “good morning” in Xhosa; and “Siya Bonga” means “thank you very much” in Zulu. South Africans are a generous and thankful people. It is the end of our first day here and we imagine how the rest of our stay will go.

**July 19, St. Mark’s College.**

We wake at dawn, eat a healthy breakfast of bread, porridge and tea and board our bus for a three-day visit to our sister school, St. Mark’s College, in the northern most province of Limpopo. It is a boarding school filled with spirit and hospitality, but devoid of simple conveniences many of us take for granted. It is winter time and there is no heat in our rooms and no running water for showers in our dormitories. We have blankets and bottled water brought with us. Taking a shower with a liter of cold water is a memory we won’t soon forget. The community’s enthusiastic welcome, strong will and amazing joy and happiness are evident in everything it does. It’s heard most vibrantly in their passionate and heartfelt singing at school meetings every morning. St. Andrew’s students engage the St. Mark’s community on every level, from school meetings,



**Africa’s Red Earth**

*By Shane Blakebrough*

I saw an African funeral today.  
 A shiny box lowered into the ground.  
 That wailing grief is an African sound,  
 And the red earth moves as we start to pray.  
 And the sound on the box, as the dust fell  
 Had the rhythm of an African drum . . .  
 Stones striking wood like an exploding gun!  
 The death of another life, lived in hell.  
 Suddenly I realized why the dust’s red!  
 Not to stain our clothes with the mark of Cain,  
 Or remind us of the years of war and shame,  
 But to make us remember all our dead.  
 A thousand years of blood have made this Earth....  
 In a land of sorrow, there is no mirth!

to singing, to playing games. We are immediately one.

**July 20.**

We visit classes on the second day and are impressed by the rigor of the lessons and the interest of the learners. (Students in South Africa are referred to as learners.) The four math classes I attend have 30 learners per class sitting in pairs at wooden desks facing a chalkboard and the teacher. I talk to learners who embrace the opportunity to study and imagine some day going to a university. I give my graphing calculator to the math teacher at the end of the day. He is thrilled to have it and we agree to keep in touch by email. I wish I had a calculator for every learner and a manual for my new colleague.

**July 21.**

We spend hours at a primary school and orphanage near the St. Mark’s campus.

Mary Wilson ’12 bonds with the primary school children, and Spanish teacher Julia Smith, Emily Delaplane ’10 and others organize games. Every activity includes singing and dancing. We do the Hokey Pokey in Zulu and Afrikaans. Julia teaches the entire St. Mark’s Upper School “Head, Shoulders Knees and Toes” in Spanish standing on top of a desk so that all can see her. St. Mark’s students are thrilled to learn some Spanish through movement and song and bellow the words in unison. Our hearts are opened and lives changed by these wonderful and generous people.

**July 22.**

On our last morning at St. Mark’s, we walk the earthen road leading out of campus. The St. Mark’s community waves, hugs and wishes us a safe journey home. Back on the bus our tour guide, a former history teacher, shares a poem he wrote entitled Africa’s Red Earth.



### July 23, Kruger National Park.

Not every experience is an encounter with hardship. Kruger is like nothing any of us has ever seen before. We are again split into small groups. This time to spend two nights in safari tents built on stilts. Each tent has a hot shower. Some have outdoor Jacuzzi tubs. We enjoy a sunset drive in jeeps the first night, spotting antelope, impala and warthogs—nasty but cute at the same time. After sunset, we return to camp. The pitch-dark sky twinkles with stars, and we learn, as migrating birds do,

to locate due South with the Southern Cross. From dawn to dusk we spot scores of foliage, colorful birds and wild animals. We take pictures of everything we see: more impala and antelope, but also kudu, elephants, giraffes, zebra, wildebeest, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, a rare leopard, water buffalo, eagle, turtles, crocodiles, velvet monkeys, baboons and more of God's creatures. Our Jeep dances with a rhino and later waits as a mother elephant and her baby cross the road.

### July 24, Cape Town.

From our hotel window we can see the city's signature soccer stadium shaped like a humongous ark. The games brought the world together unifying peoples and cultures earlier in the summer. Every athlete and explorer would enjoy this modern city with its rugby games, biking events, mountain climbs, marathons, soccer matches and beach volleyball tournaments. The cafés and restaurants offer excellent food, and outdoor music is creative and rhythmic. All of this occurs under a canopy of blue sky, striking mountain ranges sloping to sandy beaches and the blue-

green ocean. We spend the first evening exploring the city and go to bed early.

### July 25.

A group heads to St. George's Cathedral for an 8:00 a.m. Sunday service then returns for a hearty hotel breakfast before our day trip up Table Mountain. It is a crystal clear morning, and at the top we can see for miles in all directions. The green-blue waters against the blue-white sky offer awe-inspiring panoramas. The beaches below are a surfer's dream. Huge rolling waves break on the sand in spiraling curls that froth over dark rocks and sparkling sands. We give thanks, reflect and pray together.

### July 26-27.

We spend two consecutive days traveling back and forth from Cape Town to the neighboring Gugulethu Township volunteering in a basketball program called "Hoops 4 Hope." We are the first volunteer group willing to make the journey to the outlying Township and ignore the crumbling court and overused basketballs. Libby Lakeman '12, Nina Labovich '12, Amanda Gahagan '11, Madison Beres '11



#### Hoops 4 Hope Mission Statement:

Hoops 4 Hope (H4H) is committed to providing children and young adults in challenged environments with a safe, nurturing place where they can develop more than just skills for the playing field: they can develop Skills 4 Life and grow up to be healthy, influential, contributing members of their communities. The H4H Skills for Life program focuses on dealing with gender issues, violence, HIV and building leadership. Learn More: [hoopsafrica.org](http://hoopsafrica.org).

# Reflections on South Africa

by Mary Wilson '12

It's hard to put a close to those two weeks I spent in South Africa. I laughed, prayed, talked, learned, played and sung with the kids from St. Mark's. I climbed up to The Cape of Good Hope and then down to its beach that changed my life. In a tour bus, we passed through Shanty Towns, made of cardboard, cinder blocks and metal, where children waved from the streets. These amazing and challenging experiences enhanced my knowledge and understanding of living, the world and people.

As for the state of South Africa, I know it has vastly improved thanks to the sacrifice of strong, unselfish, intelligent people. Nelson Mandela is the largest example, but there are many more names that slip between the cracks, that no one will ever fully know. But, it's not so much the names that are important, but the goodness they stood for, and how they brought true light into a land of shadows.

It's still unfair. The people live in an unhealthy area; they lack crucial resources in their lives. Healthy, plentiful food. Enough water. A sturdy shelter. And most of all: Opportunities. This lack makes it incredibly challenging for them to live up to their full potential. But, as individuals, they are no different from us. They are just growing up in this world trying to figure out how to live their life. Our resources in America do not make us any better than any other person that has ever breathed life on this planet. At the end of the tour of Robben Island, a former prison where Nelson Mandela stayed, our guide who was a former prisoner said, "I personally do not want my child growing up thinking they are superior or inferior to anyone else. I personally suffered from this narrow-mindedness." People throughout the world need to understand this deep connection rooted between all of humankind. Nobody's outside features can accurately depict the truth and depth of a person's life. So they need not be judged based on appearance or even, achievements. I feel there is good and bad in everyone. We just need to focus on bringing out the good so that we can fully live up to our true potential and have a richer life. Richer, that is, in the sense of one's self respect, love, wisdom and connection to humanity.



Mary is the third smiling face from the left.

In response to this trip, I discovered that I want to make it a goal in my life to help others understand this deep bond between humankind, and how to act in a humanitarian response to the call of those in need, wherever they live in the world. For suffering exists all over the world, whether you have no money at all or more money than you could spend in a lifetime. Everyone was born into a different set of circumstances and they have to strive to do the absolute best they can with what they are given. For many, this means trying to break the desperate cycle that enslaves them. For us, it could mean anything. We don't fully realize what we are given at St. Andrew's: A world-class education that has and will continue to transform our lives and the lives of those around us.

I'd like to end my talk with the same words I spoke to St. Marks during an assembly that St. Andrew's was fortunate enough to lead:

At both of our schools we are being prepared for the greater world and responsibilities of our future. We, the entire world that is, need a future that is filled with proper values: placing true humanitarian love over money, and integrity over trickery. We need a place that is full of passion, but is very responsible. We need leaders who have the courage to make the difficult decisions that need to be made.

It is schools like St. Andrew's and St. Mark's that supply hope and guidance for students like us. Yet, it is our responsibility as people in this world to use the most valuable gift we have been given, the lessons we have learned, to make a difference and a promising future for our world.

Mary shared her reflection with the school community during a Wednesday Night Chapel service devoted to South Africa. You can listen to the service via podcast on our website, [standrews-de.org/podcast](http://standrews-de.org/podcast).



and Emily Delaplane '10 are out front organizing dribbling and shooting drills while the rest of the St. Andrew's team joins in the fun. Most of us try hard, but are not the most graceful players. We join the children's laughter. A favorite bonding game involves clapping hands, stomping feet and doing a "bootie shake." The bootie shake makes everyone laugh. Their welcomes and goodbyes are full of spirit, movement and song. We sing together. "Making melodies in my heart."

#### July 28.

Some of us hike from the Cape of Good Hope to Cape Point, bumping into wild baboons, antelope, mongoose and ostriches along the way. We stop to watch hundreds of penguins nesting on the beach. They are small people in formal attire looking for something interesting to do while peering curiously back at tourists invading their beach. Later we stop in Simons Town, a favorite fishing and naval village frequented by Rudyard Kipling. Everything smells of salt and fish, including the used book and antique stores holding curiosities and treasures.

#### July 29, Parliament.

We sense the end of our trip. At Parliament, Joleen explains that she was employed by IDASA (The Institute for Democracy in South Africa) as a public relations officer, a program that monitored the post-Apartheid government before she met her husband Michael. She was privileged

to attend some of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission meetings, where she documented people's accounts of atrocities that took place during apartheid. Families separated, citizens arrested in the middle of the night, locked away. She describes how the accounts were written with only reconciliation in mind. People with every reason to feel hatred and revenge embrace a new life of peace and happiness.

#### July 30, Robben Island.

Our education is continuously driven by emotion. A prisoner's stay on Robben Island was a hopeless trial designed to break the spirit and destroy personal dignity. Our guide is a former political prisoner now living on the island full time telling tourists the story of Nelson Mandela and others held there out of fear of what they might or could do to a status quo that allowed apartheid to thrive. In a large holding cell two girls share a private joke and our guide challenges them. "Do you think this story is funny?" he asks. "We were human beings, but we were treated like a subspecies. We had no rights. We were stripped of our dignity. We were nothing in the eyes of our guards and captors. It was utter despair." We are charged by his raw emotion and inspired by his sense of integrity. Quiet descends over us as we walk past President Mandela's cell and the places where he was made to break rock, mend clothes and perform other menial tasks designed to break his spirit and destroy his resolve.

He survived because he had something more noble and worthy to live for: Freedom for all suppressed peoples. The ferry back to the mainland is quiet.

#### July 31, Home.

It is sad to leave this beautiful country and a people so free in offering peace and friendship. Parents welcome an exhausted but transformed group of St. Andreans. We share stories of courage, awe from the joy and passion with which South Africans approach each day, and inspiration from the sacrifices made to preserve freedom and ensure equality for every human being. They have known pain but are not broken, only strengthened. They are Ubuntu people, and now we are part of them. ■



Photographer Joe Seiler '10 created a website devoted to his experience in South Africa that includes an extensive photo gallery, video and his thoughts and reflections. Visit South Africa through Joe's eyes at <http://bit.ly/JoeSeiler>



Members of the AAB returned to campus this fall to discuss volunteer initiatives, mentorship and upcoming events. (L to R: John Morton '65, Courtney Streett '05, Jack Fiedler '51, Jackie Mette '83, Stuart Bracken '50, Garrett Hart '78, Allison Hamilton Rowe '89, Morgan Foster Robinson '97, Churchill Hutton '54, Bill Mott '78, Barry Register '51, Bob Greenlee '75, Bob Evans '49)

A few AAB members shared insights into their careers and time at St. Andrew's during the fall meeting. Below are some of our favorite selections.

**Morgan Foster Robinson '97**

*Washington, D.C.*

**Profession:** Lawyer

**Most Influential Teacher:** Nan Mein randomly pulled me aside one day my freshman year and told me in no uncertain terms that I was underachieving. She was right and it changed my life.

**Stuart Bracken '50**

*Yarmouth Port, Mass.*

**Most Influential Teacher:** Chester Baum taught me to speak well, enjoy reading and be kind and considerate to others.

**Last Book Read:** *Rocket Man, A Biography of Pete Conrad* by Nancy Conrad and Howard Klausner

**Bob Evans '49**

*Lewes, Del.*

**Most Influential Teacher:** Bill Cameron – “Argh Boy! Where is your topic sentence? For that matter, where is your topic?”

**Favorite Place on Campus:** Noxontown Pond

**Churchill Hutton III '54**

*Annandale, Va.*

**Hobby:** Catching spies at the Pentagon

**Latest Accomplishment:** Reorganized two Federal Department of Defense Agencies

**Allison Hamilton Rohe '89**

*Jersey City, N.J.*

**Profession:** Wardrobe Consultant, DailyOutfit.com

**Motto:** Life is not a dress rehearsal.

**William Mott '78**

*Madison, N.J.*

**Most Influential Teacher:** Chris Boyle was the best writing instructor I ever had.

**Motto:** Luck is where preparation meets opportunity.

**Jackie Mette '83**

*Wilmington, Del.*

**Profession:** Lawyer, Executive Director of the Delaware Bar Foundation

**Hobby:** Metal-smithing

**Courtney Streett '05**

*Oak Bluffs, Mass.*

**Profession:** Television/Multimedia Producer and Editor

**Most Influential Teacher:** Peter McLean taught me that it was okay to be interested in traditionally taboo subjects.

**Garrett Hart '78**

*Leesburg, Va.*

**Last Book Read:** *Chapel Talks of Tad Roach*

**Favorite Place on Campus:** Running trails along the pond.

**Jack Fiedler '51**

*East Lyme, Conn.*

**Profession:** Corporate Executive

**Latest Accomplishment:** Tutoring Chinese and Tibetan immigrant children at a local high school.

**John Morton '65**

*Annapolis, Md.*

**Hobby:** St. Andrew's Rowing, Authoring books

**Most Influential Teacher:** Bob Moss and his VI Form Sacred Studies class

***“The Mission of the AAB is to nurture stewardship of the St. Andrew’s community, plan and participate in campus and regional events and support current students and alumni in making St. Andrew’s a lifelong experience.”***

## **AAB Members**

### *Alumni Association Board FY11*

Buzz Speakman '38, Smyrna, Del.  
Bob Evans '49, Bethesda, Md.  
Stuart Bracken '50, Yarmouth Port, Mass.  
Barry Register '51, New York, N.Y.  
Jack Fiedler '51, East Lyme, Conn.  
Herndon Werth '52, New York, N.Y.  
David Levinson '53, Spring Lake, N.C.  
Church Hutton '54, Annandale, Va.  
John Morton '65, Annapolis, Md.  
Buck Smith '66, Georgetown, Del.  
Bob Greenlee '75, Trappe, Md.  
Garrett Hart '78, Leesburg, Va.  
Bill Mott '78, Madison, N.J.  
Ashton Richards '78, Corte Madera, Cal.  
Jackie Paradee Mette '83, Wilmington, Del.,  
*President*  
Gary Clarke '85, Brooklyn, N.Y.  
Jonathan Banks '88, Washington, D.C.  
John Chamberlin '88, New York, N.Y.

Pete O'Brien '88, Potomac Falls, Va.  
Rick Hall '89, Laurel, Md.  
Allison Hamilton-Rohe '89, Jersey City, N.J.  
Marlies Patzman Lissack '89, Bryn Mawr, Pa.  
Bill Spire '89, Lancaster, Pa.  
Rob Toomey '92, Denver, Colo.  
Jenks Whittenburg '92, New York, N.Y.  
Patricia Evans Denz '94, Cary, N.C.  
Jessica Reid '96, Chicago, Il.  
Morgan Foster Robinson '97, Washington, D.C.,  
*Secretary/Treasurer*  
Jimmy Davis '98, Atlanta, Ga.  
John Stephens '98, Denver, Colo.  
Julie Holderness Shaw '98, London, England  
Matt Wolinski '00, Townsend, Del., *Vice President*  
Erin Hall '01, Charlottesville, Va.  
Robbie Pennoyer '01, New York, N.Y.  
Courtney Streett '05, Wilmington, Del./Vineyard  
Haven, Mass.

*Anyone interested in joining the AAB may submit names of alumni to Chesa Profaci '80, Director of Alumni Relations, or to Barry Register '51, Chair of the AAB Nominating Committee.*

## **St. Andrew’s Fall Service Day**

The St. Andrew’s Service Day is an opportunity every fall for St. Andreans to serve their local communities together. If you are interested in hosting a service day in your community please contact Chesa Profaci at [cprofaci@standrews-de.org](mailto:cprofaci@standrews-de.org).



*Close to a dozen alumni, parents and friends gathered at Philabundance in Philadelphia to pack emergency food boxes for people in need.*



*Almost 30 St. Andreans, including alumni, former faculty, parents and alumni parents spent a morning sorting food at the Sunday Breakfast Mission in Wilmington, Del.*

# Get Connected:

Find us on:



[www.standrews-de.org/facebook](http://www.standrews-de.org/facebook)

*Connect with classmates and friends and stay updated on news and campus happenings.*



[www.standrews-de.org/linkedin](http://www.standrews-de.org/linkedin)

*Network with professional St. Andreans from around the world.*



[www.standrews-de.org/youtube](http://www.standrews-de.org/youtube)

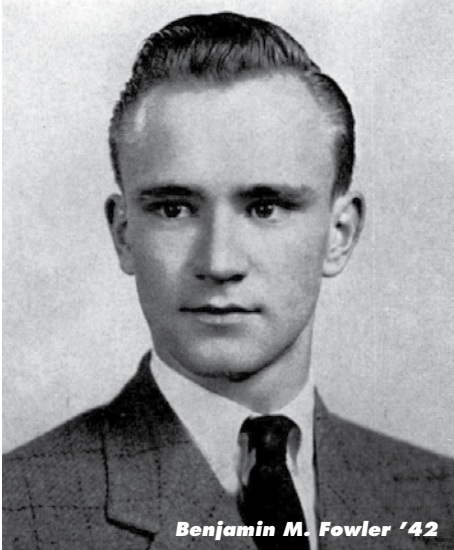
*Watch athletic, performing arts and lecture series highlights.*



[www.standrews-de.org/twitter](http://www.standrews-de.org/twitter)

*Receive real-time news and athletic scores from campus.*

# In Memory



**Benjamin M. Fowler '42**

## **Benjamin M. Fowler '42**

Benjamin M. "Ben" Fowler passed away July 27, 2010, of complications from pneumonia. He passed quickly, without pain, at home.

## **Gilbert H. Van Note, Jr. '48**

Gilbert H. Van Note, 80, died on August 6, 2010. He was baptized in Saint Uriel's Church, Sea Girt, N.J., in 1929. Born and raised in Spring Lake, N.J., he became a resident of Sea Girt in 1960 where he resided until his recent death. He was a graduate of Spring Lake Elementary School, St. Andrew's School in Middletown, Del., Brown University and Dickinson School of Law in Carlisle, Pa.

Gilbert and his wife, Mary Lou, married in 1960. That year he passed the New Jersey State Bar examination and became a lawyer in the State before retiring in 2006. In 1951, he enlisted in the U.S. Army receiving basic training at Fort Leonardwood, in Missouri. He was then sent to Korea where he served in the 45th Division during the Korean War receiving the rank of Sergeant First Class.

During his time in Sea Girt he served at different times as attorney for the Board of Adjustment, School Board Attorney, and Borough Attorney of Sea Girt. He also served as trustee of the Sea Girt Real

Estate owners Association in the early 1960s, served as Municipal Court Judge of Brielle and trustee of the Monmouth County Bar Association. He had served on the Saint Uriel's Church Vestry and as warden for many years.

As a lawyer, he practiced law with his father, Gilbert H. Van Note, Sr. and then with William H. Burns, Jr. In their Spring Lake office at 301 Morris Avenue under the firm name, Burns and Van Note, Esqs. He was a member of Spring Lake Masonic Lodge F, A&M, Number 432 and past commander of the Spring Lake American Legion Post 239 and member of the National Rifle Association. Mr. Van Note was a long time member of Spring Lake Golf Club with his family, was an avid fan of the Philadelphia Eagles, and loved to fish.

He is survived by his loving wife Mary Lou and his three children, Doug, Gordon, and Grace and three Grandchildren, Brittany, Caroline, and Andrea.

## **Thomas James Stewart-Gordon '61**

Tom Stewart-Gordon '61 of Dallas, Texas, died peacefully from the cancer he has been battling at home on August 19, 2010. Born in New York City on February 25, 1943, to James and Belle Burch Stewart-Gordon, Tom was a proud alumnus of St. Andrews School of Middletown, Del., and Colorado State University and served in the United States Marine Corps.

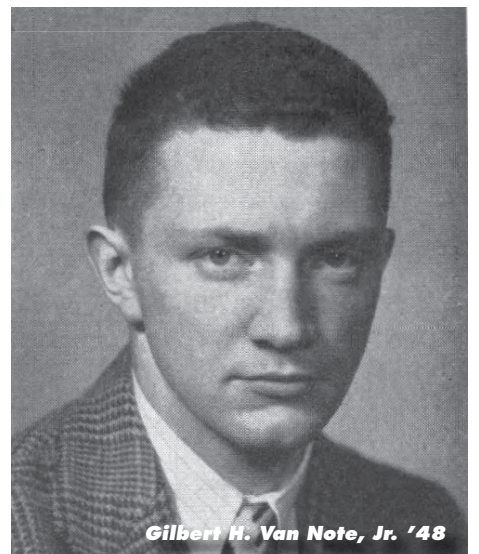
A journalist, Tom was international editor for *World Oil* magazine in Houston and editor/publisher of *SCOR Report* in Dallas. Tom was an avid observer of the world scene and his letters to the editor were often published by *The Dallas Morning News*, *The Boston Globe* and *The New York Times*.

Tom is survived by his loving wife, Patricia Ann (Test) Stewart-Gordon, his sister, Christina Bellinger, and many friends and family who will especially remember him for his kindness, generosity and wit.

*Published in The Boston Globe on August 29, 2010.*

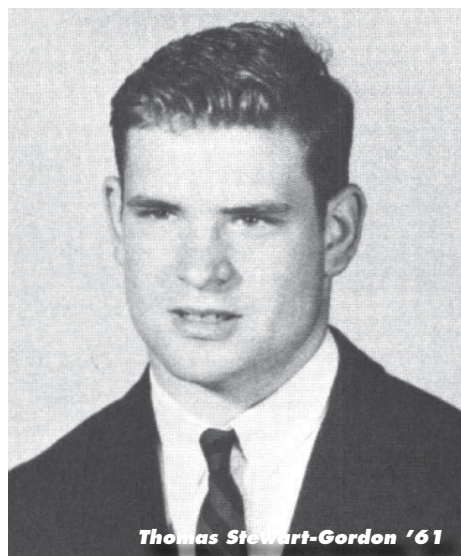
Classmate Ken McCullough wrote, "These days my dreams are usually fragmented—broken up, I assume, by the several medications I take for ongoing maladies. This morning, however, I had a vivid dream in which I was walking through the St. Andrew's garth with Tom Stewart-Gordon. We were in our IV Form incarnations, the year we were roommates, and it was a crisp fall day. I was not able to 'record' our conversation, just the image. This dream was prompted by the email opened yesterday from our classmate Randy Williams informing us of Tom's death. I was saddened, and angry with myself that I did not know that Tom had been ill and consequently missed the chance to say something to him before he left.

"When I first met Thomas James Stewart-Gordon IV, in our III Form year, I was impressed by his strength—his physical strength as well as his character. And his quick wit. We both had an interest in literature, and in being Scots, and would often lapse into brogues and consider subverting the Anglophilic culture into which we had been dropped. That first year Tom began to distinguish himself as a wrestler and I as a baseball player, and both of us as football players to a



**Gilbert H. Van Note, Jr. '48**





Thomas Stewart-Gordon '61

lesser extent. Neither of us were stars in the classroom, however. Also, if one was to survive the pecking order of an all-male prep school of the late '50s, one had to develop a sense of sarcasm. Tom and I both became adepts in this form of self-protection. If you listen to prep school boys of that era in conversation, you'll still hear that tone. Over the years, in our phone calls, Tom and I would both point it out. At St. Andrew's, Tom wrote a column called 'Father Tah's Corner' for *The Cardinal*, in which he employed a style reminiscent of Dr. Johnson. 'Father' referred to the priest's collar Tom had purchased at a costume shop and wore when he hitch-hiked. He claimed it always got him a quick ride. 'Tah' referred to his nickname 'Buntah'—more on that later.

"During these years, under Webb Reyner, St. Andrew's had become a wrestling dynasty and Tom was a kingpin of that dynasty. Even though he weighed in just shy of 190, he bested his opponents with his savvy and skill, though he might be outweighed by 50 pounds. I went out for wrestling briefly and had Tom as a practice partner on occasion. He rarely attacked, but let you use your own momentum to throw yourself into a pin. I remember well the state tournament during VI Form year. As Tom's match approached, the stands, which included most of our student body, began the chant of 'Bun-tah! Bun-tah! Bun-tah!' as we stomped our feet on the bleachers, which must have caused a knot to form in the pit of his opponent's stomach. I don't remember the score, but Tom won handily. I'm not sure who gave Tom the

name Buntah, but it was a reference to his Tarzan-like physique. In that final match, if you squinted your eyes, it almost looked like an agile gorilla besting a dazed hippo.

"During the year we were roommates, I remember Tom doing sit-ups after lights-out and the suction sound his well-developed back made on the cold hard floor. In football, Tom was very fast for a lineman. In our wind sprints at the end of practice, I'd usually win the first few but he'd always win the last ones. It always irked me, getting beaten by a lineman.

"I'm not sure of the details, but as I remember it, when Tom was a student at Wesleyan, a Marine recruiter treated Tom to a few beers and goaded him into signing up. I never talked with Tom about his time in the service, but when I met him again in 1969 and in consequent phone conversations, I never got the impression that his time in service changed him very much. For a short time after he came out he had a go at pro wrestling then took some courses at Wagner College in Staten Island, my hometown. In December 1969, Tom gave up his apartment in the East Village for several days to my girlfriend and me so that we could make the rounds of various off-color and off-Broadway productions, such as 'Dionysus in '69,' and the Broadway production of 'Hadrian VII' with Alec McCowen, as well as an assortment of hipster and pseudo-hipster parties. Tom was his usual voluble self, and regaled us with amusing anecdotes about his dad James, an editor at *Reader's Digest* whom I'd met of course at St. Andrew's, Tom's sister Belle, and Tom's impending step-mother Faith, the owner of the Russian Tea Room.

"Tom and I were in touch on occasion after that, then, after he moved to Texas, we talked on the phone maybe once a year and exchanged Christmas cards. Our talks were always rambling and full of good cheer and usually involved Chet Baum, who'd been a school chum of Tom's dad at Haverford and a second father to Tom. We talked about politics, the environment, the arts, and writing—listening carefully to what the other had to say. Tom was always articulate and thoughtful.

"But one time, about three years ago, I confessed to Tom that I did not share

his experience of St. Andrew's as being the happiest years of my life—for me, they came many years later when I lived in South Carolina, in the late '70s. I think this took him aback, and our phone conversations lapsed. I could have corrected that. Thus, it was with sorrow and remorse that I learned of Tom's passing and wish that I could have spoken with him again. He was a good man, a man of integrity, a great conversationalist, and a good companion along the way. I will miss him—there is a place in my heart that he will always occupy."

### Cornelius W. Arensberg '69

Cornel Arensberg died Saturday, August 14, 2010. He had posted on Facebook on August 3, 2010, "In Hospice, terminal Luekemia at St Pete Bay Pines VA Hospital. As last posting to family, to all friends, Nature, and our small blue planet, a fond farewell. Love each other, keep peace on Earth, and save our world before it's too late from ecological ruin. If later on, we meet other intelligent life, I send warm greetings. Goodbye, Sayonara, Adieu, Adios, Ciao, Yiasou, Das ve danya. Love, xxx Cornel"

Max Maxson '69 wrote, "My impression of Cornel at school was that he was difficult to reach, but if you made the effort, he was an incredibly warm and giving person. Our closest routine contact at school was in J.V. wrestling, where you couldn't find two better matched, uninterested and wholly ineffective skinny muscle-deprived specimens. I'm not sure which of us had worse BO, but I comforted myself at the time in believing it was him.

"Now that I have spent more than 20 years dealing with environmental issues, I wish I had maintained a closer contact with Cornel, who seems to have had a deep concern for what we're doing to our planet."

Frantz Herr '69 wrote, "Cornel was sensitive, inquisitive and noble. He showed compassion for his fellow man and truly tried to make the world a better place. Fallen but not forgotten."

Willy Smith '69 wrote, "My good friend Cornelius Wright Arensberg was certainly a remarkable friend as well as an individual of accomplishments, leaving

me many fond memories, a few of which I will, as best as memory serves, relate here.

"I met Cornel when I tagged along with my older brothers when they visited Cornel's pretty female cousins at the family farm to do a little horse riding. The girl's brother, Chris, was attending St. Andrew's and thus the connection. Cornel became my instant pal and we proceeded to find ways into mischief on a grand scale, for many years. He had a 'mini-bike,' which was a scooter with a small engine—probably going no more than 15 mph—but it seemed wildly fast to us. We raced timed laps on a course through the woods, trails and across shallow stream beds, crashing constantly resulting in some torn jeans and scraped knees as kind of trophies. He usually beat me but neither of us cared much who won, mostly enjoying the fun of it heartily.

"The only way to top this excitement was to 'borrow' the old farm truck, which was a barely drivable six-cylinder flat head and roar around the fields and dirt roads. I doubt the truck was licensed to go on the highway and at 14 years old, we certainly were not, but alas the call of adventure was too great and Cornel could not resist rolling out onto the paved county roads and into the tiny town of Trappe. How unfortunate that a state trooper happened to be obscurely parked next to the old church! As Cornel made the turn back toward the farm, the red lights of the trooper came on and he fell in behind us as Cornel began his frenzied flight. Cornel drove faster and faster, almost hitting 40 mph while repeatedly asking me if the cop was still coming. I pleaded with him to see the impossibility of the situation and he, finally accepting that he couldn't lose the trooper, decided to stop. He slammed on the brakes and the trooper almost hit us screeching to a sideways halt inches from our bumper. All explanations failed us; the truck was impounded, parents were called and I was forbidden to visit Cornel for a long stretch, he being verbally reprimanded severely by the local judge.

"The next time I saw Cornel was while I was working at the Maryland State Fair in Timonium. We were 15 then. I was working and sleeping in the 'birthday block' game tent, flirting with the most beautiful girl I ever did meet in my

whole life, when to my surprise up strolls Cornel! He had learned from my parents that I was there and took a bus up to see me. Now Cornel was good at affecting an English aristocratic accent and air, which delighted my carnival cronies, who Cornel called along with me 'country bumpkins,' while they called him in return 'The Englishman!' One evening after work he showed up with a Jeep, some girls and off we went into Baltimore, smoking cigars, drinking whiskey and begging the girls to divest. The whiskey worked! How we survived that escapade I can't remember, but the following day was a tough one!

"Cornel had been at St. Andrew's that year in the II Form—one before me and it was a comfort to have him there as a friend when my first day came. I don't recall either of us being stellar performers academically, but what mattered such distractions as books when the surrounds were the marvelous pond and woods we all know as St. Andrew's. We loved canoeing and upon my telling him of my step and grandfather's canoe trips when they were boys down Appoquinnimink marsh all the way to the Delaware Bay, it wasn't long before we tried our own venture. We wrestled the canoe to the other side of the dam and began the long paddle toward the Delaware River. We hadn't gotten very far before Cornel decided to stand up for a nature break and before I could protest, the canoe turned over. We swam about in the muddy waters dodging the muskrats that were scurrying about us in alarming numbers. The journey cut short of its goal, we headed back to dock and hot showers in dour mood.

"And so there came a time when we both held real driver's licenses. Cornel's father would visit Cornel at the School, taking us out to dinner at our favorite restaurant, the Arsenal on the Green in Newark. His father just bought a new Rambler Ambassador sedan in which we made several junkets up to the Jersey Shore visiting places where his father was raised. That summer Cornel was allowed to drive said vehicle and we reveled in this new freedom. The latest movie rage "Bonnie and Clyde" was playing at the local theater and we saw it that Saturday night. What a movie! On

the way back to my house which was out in the country, we for some youngsters foolish reason played we were in the getaway car. The movie had gotten the best of our imaginations. Cornel drove like an expert 'wheelman' as I (knowing the roads) gave descriptions of the upcoming turns. I told him to go straight, by which I meant in a straight line onto a different road, which was second nature to me. But misinterpreting my direction to mean to stay on the road we were on, he tried his best to make an impossible left curve keeping on the same road. It was not to be. The car squealed demonically as it lost control and skidded straight toward a huge oak tree. Then, miraculously encountering a large rock first, it veered sideways saving my life most certainly and probably his too as the tree cut deep into the back seat just behind me. I woke up to find Cornel moaning, 'Oh no, God, I have killed him!' as he slapped my face! Relieved that we were both now alive he looked to the new car, which was a sad sight. He tried to start it, which he accomplished, but the accelerator was stuck wide open and the engine raced faster and faster until a huge explosion sounded in our ears and a burst of flame wrapped around it momentarily from underneath. We walked the last three miles to my house.

"The next morning when we came down for breakfast my stepfather handed Cornel the phone book. Cornel, upon enquiring what that for, was told 'so you can call the tow truck and then your father!' Oh, Fie upon Bonnie and Clyde!

"The stories could go on forever and so will my love for Cornel. He was a special part of my life. His final phone call from Hospice brought me to copious tears as I bade him my fondest farewell of all."

### **William S. Carpenter (Former Faculty)**

Bill Carpenter, age 61, a long time resident of Albuquerque and English teacher at Madison Middle School, lost his two year battle with cancer on Sunday, June 7, 2009. He is survived by his wife Kristin; daughters Danielle Cordray and Andrea Thorpe and their husbands Brandon and Ryan; his parents Daniel and Jane; brothers, Peter and Daniel Jr.; and his sisters, Debbie Jerome and Jennifer Reid. ■



**Claudia Heath '11**

*"There are these two young fish swimming along and they happen to meet an older fish swimming the other way, who nods at them and says, "Morning, boys. How's the water?" And the two fish swim on for a bit, and then eventually one of them looks over at the other and goes, "What the hell is water?"*

*—David Foster Wallace, "This is Water" Commencement Speech.*

My biggest fear is plodding through life until one day I wake up and realize that I have been unconscious, that I don't know what is around me, and that I haven't heard of water. Who will I be when I wake up? A businesswoman, a mother? How much time will I have wasted living a self-absorbed life, unknowingly drowning in the water that surrounds us?

I met Jordan this summer because she wanted to learn how to ride a bike, and I was given a volunteer t-shirt and her name on a slip of paper five minutes before she walked into the warehouse. She is fifteen years old, 4 feet and 9 inches tall, with purple-rimmed glasses and a fetish for pink, sparkly track suits. She is also autistic. I remember our first conversation went something like this:

"Hi Jordan! Ready to learn how to ride a bike?"

"Malfoy, come on! Hurry up!"

"Like from Harry Potter?"

"Duh!"

"Where is Harry?"

"Harry! Don't speak of him! Malfoy is the chosen one!"

I remember wanting to turn to one of the more experienced volunteers: "excuse me, what do you do in a situation where an autistic person is living in an imaginary world?" but instead I looked at Jordan, a little over her left shoulder, and tested the water with my toe. "Nice to meet you, Malfoy," I said.

For five days, we went in circles around the empty warehouse together, Jordan riding a training bike with Malfoy in hot pursuit, and I jogging along, giving inadequate encouragement in a childish voice, and grabbing tightly the training handle that connected us. There were moments that surprised me, instances when I forgot about Jordan's autism, like the time she hooked her arms around my waist, posing for a picture that I didn't see coming. Moments that we lived and breathed together, like when we chanted the phrase "just keep pedaling" again and again while we rode. And yet other moments when not even my most earnest attempt to reach her could cross the ocean between us. Like on Thursday when behind her purple frames, tears formed in the corners of her eyes. And I thought they could be the same, frustrated tears I cry when I feel defeated. Or maybe they were tears I will never know, because, like most kids, I could ride a bike when I was seven.

Slowly, yet as surely as Jordan learned to ride a bicycle that week, I began to realize the fluidity of these moments, despite the disparate feelings they evoked in me. As David Foster Wallace urges in his speech, I reminded myself more and more often, while driving home at the end of the day, while recounting Jordan's successes and setbacks to my dad, "This is water, this is water." Because that is what water is all about, right? Having empathy for someone else in every instance, while at the same time relinquishing yourself to the idea that you don't know what he or she is thinking. Accepting that you can't reconcile each moment and emotion with the next, because you just don't know how. And even then, trying to understand each other, trying to answer the question, "What is water?" because the difference between knowing and not knowing is everything. It is the difference between living compassionately and living complacently. Between letting someone affect you unexpectedly, and remaining invincible and alone. In meeting Jordan, I became aware of the water separating us, and the water encompassing us. And though our lives won't intersect again, we can both ride a bike.

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**—Tad Roach**

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Bridget DuFour '14 and Zahriyah Wilson '14 share a light moment in their room on Lower Pell.